THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

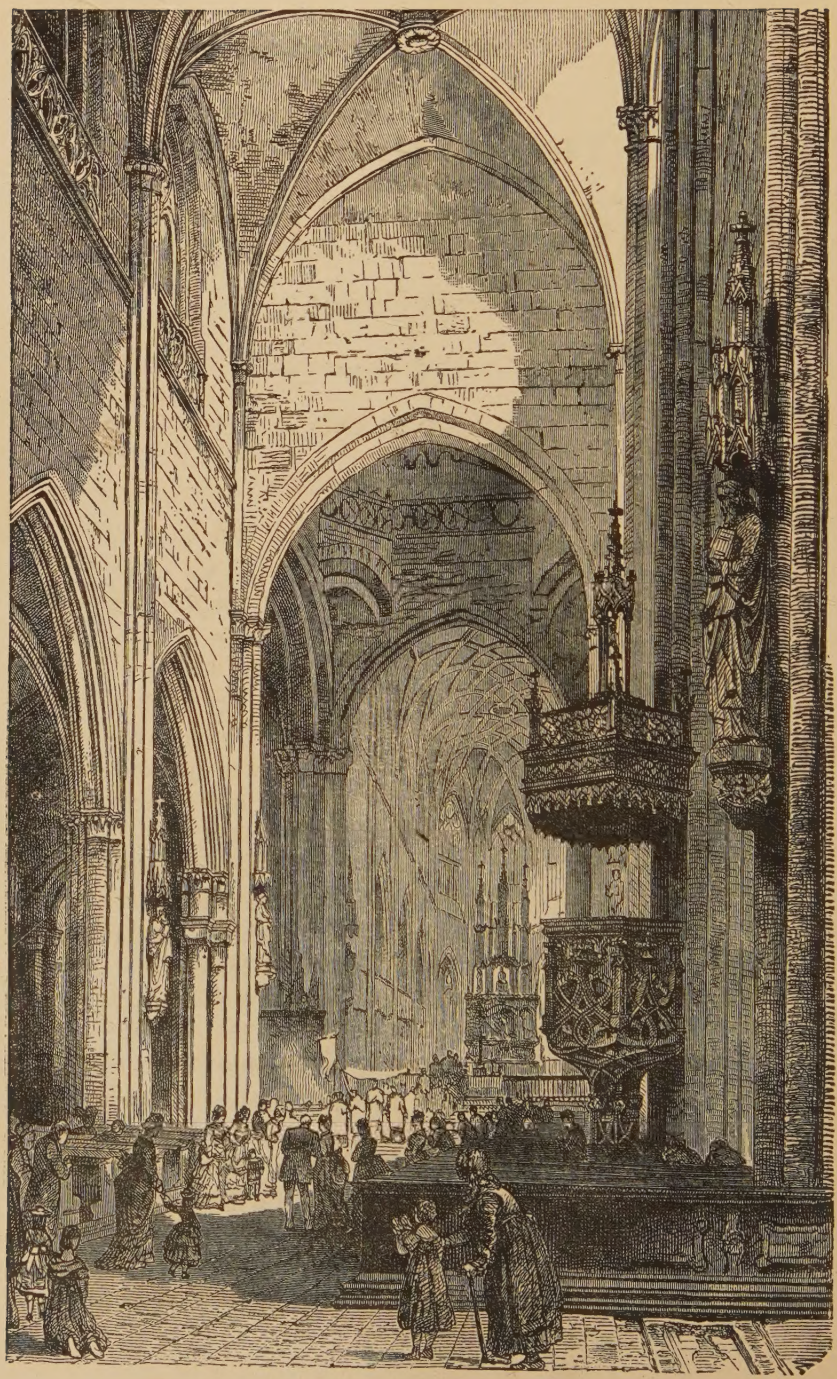
AUGUST, 1882.

IN RHINELAND.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, B.A.

OUR starting-point is Harwich, England. We embark in a tub of a steamer for Rotterdam. No sooner do we move from the harbour than the surly old German Ocean begins to toss us unmercifully about, and after twelve stormy hours we congratulate ourselves on having once more solid ground for the soles of our feet. Here we are, then, in this quaint old city at the mouth of the Rhine, in the strange land which the Dutch have stolen from the ocean. The houses are tall, with strange peaked roofs, skylights, and gable windows. Almost every other street is a canal, in which float the heavy craft of lumbermen.

We might here take the boat at once and proceed along the river, but from Rotterdam to Cologne there is nothing of great interest, as the country is low and flat, so we choose another and more interesting route, that is, by rail to Brussels, and then across to Cologne. From Rotterdam we start first for Antwerp. The country through which we pass is very low and wet, the fields are divided by canals, the trees are trimmed with mathematical precision, while here and there, to break the monotony of the scene, the lazy arms of a stunted windmill swings complacently around in the morning sea-breeze. We get into the car and take a look at some specimens of the natives. The men are short, with broad-brimmed or high-crowned hats, some with knee-breeches and long-tailed coats, fastened by innumerable buttons. Some of the dames are rather stylish after their



FREIBURG CATHEDRAL.

fashion—their hair is twisted into a knob behind, through which is thrust a brass or silver arrow, to hold it fast, and from each temple projects a spiral horn—a warning and a defence, I suppose.

But the train speeds along, and we leave the land of dykes and windmills, the home of the Dutch, and pass the Belgian frontier, but not without familiar acquaintance with the customs official. We have not time to stop in Antwerp, but must halt in Brussels, the capital of the kingdom. It is a beautiful city; interesting are the Royal Palace, the statue of Godfrey of Bouillon, and the ancient Castle Ahrenberg. From the top of a pillar erected to the fallen heroes of 1830, we obtain a splendid bird's-eye view of the whole city, with its two-towered cathedral and background of forest and field.

But we soon take our seats in an old-fashioned diligence, and travel southward twelve miles, to visit a spot the name of which thrills the heart of every Briton, where the armies of England and Prussia crushed the ambitious schemes of Europe's scourge —the field of Waterloo. The day is favourable, the air is balmy, the sun is not too hot, so we take our seat on the top of the diligence. We pass through nicely laid out woods, over gentle hills, amid scenery as charming as heart could wish. The driver points to a plain-looking house by the roadside, and tells us, "Here Wellington wrote his despatches." At last we alight at a wayside inn, and proceed to the famous field. In the midst of a large plain is an immense mound, artificially erected. It is several hundred feet high, is of respectable dimensions, and its summit is crowned by a mammoth iron lion. Our French companion grows silent, the American gives a grunt, and our German friend puffs away at his pipe with a vim that shows his inner satisfaction. Our guide takes us first around the field and explains the positions of the troops, and he tells the old story of the fight in his parrot-like English, or his more familiar French, or, perchance, in barbarous German, as some member of the company would ask information. We visit the farm-yard where bloody struggles took place, and see the riddled gates and the well, the water of which had been red with blood. In the house are broken weapons, picked up after the fray, and the brick walls are still marked with the battering of the balls. We ascend the mound by a long flight of stairs, and from the side of

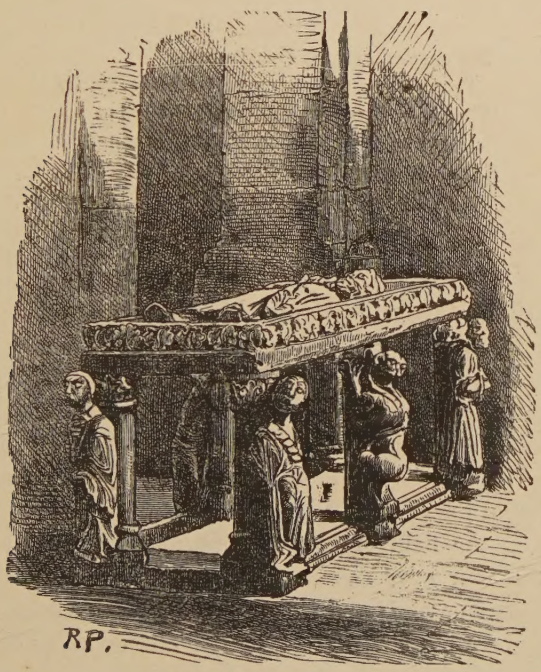
the lion the eye stretches far away on every side. We picture to ourselves the splendid morning array of the two armies, and then the terrible carnage of the day, and the flight of Napoleon in the evening, leaving 50,000 men lying dead on the plain. He learned to his sorrow, and Europe learned for her weal, the sturdy power of Britain's arm, when nerved by British heart, and Europe has not forgotten the lesson. We could spend hours on the sacred spot, but evening's approach warned us to take our departure.

On we pass through Vervier and Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne, not daring to stop by the way. Arrived at Cologne, we greet once more our river. Here flows the Rhine, broad and dark and swift, and here it is peculiarly German, dear to the sturdy Teuton as the apple of his eye, or sacred as the ancient Nile to Egypt. No other object has given rise to more soul-stirring song to rouse the patriotic heart to earnest defence of the Fatherland :—

> "A peal like thunder calls the brave,
> With clash of sword and sound of wave,
> To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine.
> Who now will guard the river's line?
> Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine!
> Firm stands thy guard along the Rhine."

It will be worth our while to take a look at Cologne, for in many respects it is an interesting old city. It was founded in the year 37 B.C. by the Ubii. Its population is somewhere about 150,000, the minority of whom are Protestants. An iron bridge, 1,352 feet in length, connects Cologne with Deutz, on the opposite side of the river. Let us visit one or two of the churches, in which the city is peculiarly rich. The Church of St. Gereon boasts of the bones of that saint, and also of 6,000 Theban martyrs, who fell in Diocletian's persecution. The Church of St. Peter has a wonderful altar-piece, from the hand of Rubens, the master painter of the Netherlands. The strangest of all, however, is the Church of St. Ursula, where are the bones of this maiden saint, and of 11,000 of her companions, who, as the story goes, were slain at Cologne by the Hans. In the "golden chamber" are kept the jewelled coffin of the saint and the ornamented skulls of a few of the most favoured of her attendants. Then there are cornices of rows of skulls, ceiling

ornaments of bones of arms, carved rows of thousands of ribs, stars made of bones of the toes and fingers. In fact, the ceiling and walls and pillars are covered with one mass of human bones. Turn where you will, the empty-eyed skulls glare at you, and you seem to breathe the air of the tomb. We hurry away, and find a relief in visiting the grand old cathedral, one of the most magnificent specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. You can form but little conception of a real cathedral until you see it. Imagine a church whose portal is as high as a good-sized



TOMB OF CONRAD KURZBOLD.

house—whose windows reach above the roofs of three-storied warehouses. This cathedral is 511 feet long and 231 feet wide. The towers are 500 feet high. The original cathedral, built 870 A.D., was burned in 1248, and the present building was almost immediately commenced. So they have been working at it now, with occasional interruptions, for 600 years.*

* The engraving on page 98 gives an interior view, not of Cologne Cathedral, but of another not far distant of almost equal celebrity, the celebrated cathedral of Freiburg. The vaulted stone roof, the carved

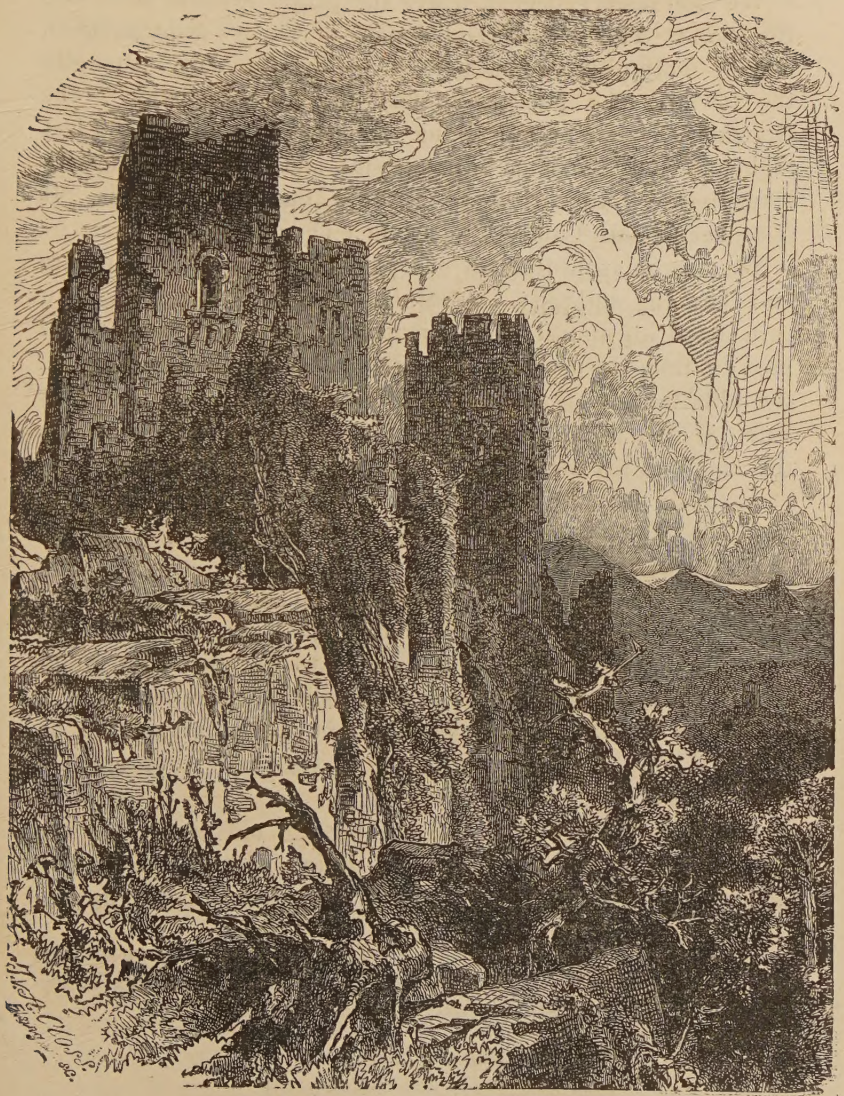
We now embark in a Rhine steamer—a strong, dark, unfriendly sort of a boat, where the distinction between first and second cabin is exceedingly prominent. The scenery grows gradually more mountainous and varied. At last we reach Konigswinter, just under the Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock. We are so enamoured of its situation that we remain long enough to visit the rock and the ruins on its summit. From these ruins the view of the Rhine winding along as far as eye could reach, through vine-clad hills and darker forest, would chain you to the spot:—

The castled crag of Drachenfels
  Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters proudly swells
  Between the banks that bear the vine,
And hills are filled with blossomed trees,
  And fields that promise corn and wine,
And castled cities crowning these,
  Whose far white walls along them shine.

After visiting the ruins of an old abbey called Heisterboch, hidden away among the hills, we get on board the next steamer that comes along. We now start for Coblenzt. On one hand is the dark cavern in the Dragon's Rock, where the dragon dwelt of old which Siegfried slew. On the other side is Rolandseck, the castle built by Roland on his return from the holy wars, when he found his lady-love had become a nun, having heard of his death on the field of battle. But now a double panorama passes before our eyes as we steam up the river. Hill follows hill, clad with vineyards and woods, and above all, those charming old castles come thick and fast. No sooner do you lose sight of one than another appears, and frequently two or three are seen

stone pulpit, the stone effigies on the walls, the high-altar in the chancel, the procession of priests, are all the symbols of a perverted form of Christianity, which, however it may affect the imagination, the judgment rejects and the conscience condemns.

A curious feature of these old churches of the Rhine Valley is the monumental effigies which they contain. Some of these are characterized by an elaborate grotesqueness that seems very incongruous on a tomb. Of this, the figures on the tomb of Conrad Kurzbold (see page 101) are a striking example.—ED.



Castle of Drei Exur.

together. Each of them has a stirring history, and each is the scene of legendary romance.*

We soon reach Coblenzt, where the gentle Moselle flows into the Rhine. This is the "Confluentes" of Cæsar's commentaries, and its antiquity stretches back to Cæsar's day. Opposite the town is the famous fortress of "Ehrenbreitstein"—the German Gibraltar of the Rhine. It stands on a rock 490 feet high, and is accessible on only one side, and that is defended by three lines of fortifications, so that it is almost impregnable. It is connected with Coblenzt by a bridge of boats.†

We pass on again through our panorama of beauteous nature and charming antiquity. At St. Goar, the river takes a sudden turn round an almost perpendicular precipice. A small gun is fired off from the deck of our vessel, and the rock answers back, the hills take up the sound, and it lingers long in the valley before it dies away. This is the Lorley, at the base of which the siren has her home, fatal to luckless sailors. On the summit of the rock she used to appear in irresistible loveliness, clad in garments of white, alluring with her heavenly harp-tones the passing sailors.

Passing the castle of the Schonburg, we enter "Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine." In the river, just opposite the town, stands the famous Mouse-tower, where, so the story goes, Archbishop Hatto, of Mayence, was devoured by the rats as a retribution for his cruelty. Bingen is a most charming spot, just on the bend of the river, at the mouth of the Nahe, over which is an ancient bridge, built by the Romans.

After paying a flying visit to the fine old castle and the Rochus chapel, 360 feet above the Rhine, whither the faithful make pilgrimages still, we hurry on again per steamer up the

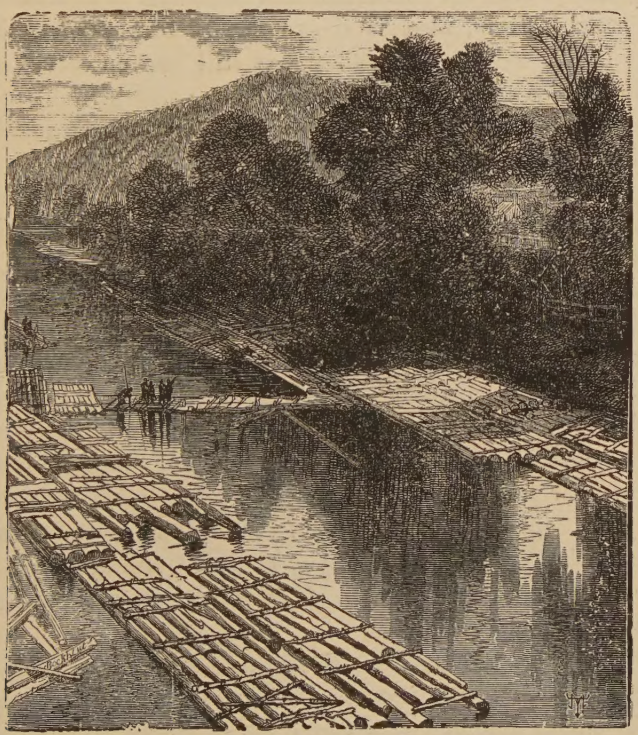
* The old castle of Drei Exen—the "Three Towers"—shown on page 103, is a characteristic example of the hoary ruins of the Rhine Valley. It illustrates the old Alsatian proverb, which says :—

Three castles on one hill;
Three churches in one church-yard;
Three cities in one valley—
Such is Alsace everywhere.—ED.

† A characteristic feature of the navigation of the Rhine is the number of rafts one meets conveying the forest wealth of the mountains to the sea. The general aspect of these rafts is shown in cut on page 115.—ED.

river. There is always something new in the moving scene, but you get almost surfeited with beauty. Our next landing-place is Mayence. The streets are the strangest and the houses the oldest of almost any of the old towns along the river. Its cathedral dates from 978, and could tell many a tale of conflict and disaster.

We now leave the Rhine for a moment, and take train for Frankfort-on-the-Main. This is one of the most famous of the



Rafting on the Rhine.

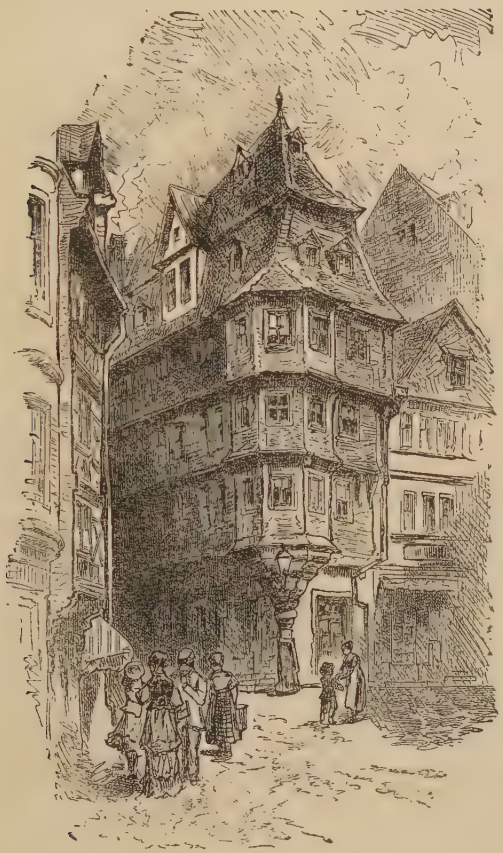
old free cities of Germany, and was for a long time the capital of the Empire. The Guildhall, or Romer Palace, contains in good repair the election-room, where the electors met to choose their Emperor. Around the walls of the Kaisersaal, or banquet-room, are ranged the portraits of the long lines of emperors, almost from the time of Charlemagne. Frankfort is the home of the Rothschilds, whose house is still pointed out in the Jews'

Lane. In neary all the larger cities of the Germans you will find a "Jews' Lane," at each end of which a gate once stood, and locked in the poor Israelites at sunset. In 1806 the French destroyed these gates, and since then the Jew has enjoyed equal freedom with other men. Yet passing through that street you are struck with the peculiar physiognomy of the persecuted race, and the great number of second-hand clothing stores. Goethe was born in this city, and his paternal residence, so finely described in his "Wahrheit und Dichtung," still stands as it then stood. Here, also, is shown the picturesque old house where Luther lodged. His effigy may still be seen carved above the door. See cut on page 107.

From Frankfort we take a trip out to Homburg, a small but noted watering-place, some nine miles out of the city. The surroundings are charming, the town itself attractive. Crowds are drawn hither every summer, ostensibly for the mineral waters, but the real attraction was something else, and that something else was an institution of the Devil, well denominated a gambling hell. Along the Rhine there were several such institutions—Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, and others. Whenever I had thought of gambling hells, of which I had heard so much, I had always pictured to myself some dark, dingy, hidden cellar, where desperadoes herded to suck each other's blood. But my idea was far from being correct. The gaming hell was one of the moot splendid mansions of the place, with attractive grounds, choicest plants, and many a shaded and secluded nook. Fountains sent forth streams of limpid water, while melodious strains of music charmed the ear.

Let us enter the palace. Everything is superb. The walls are half covered with immense mirrors; the furniture is the richest purple and gold; the floors are of costly oaken mosaics; the ceiling is decorated with gorgeous specimens of what some call "high art." In each of two or three adjoining rooms stands a large table. Half way on each side, facing each other, sit the controllers of the game. The table is marked off in squares and other figures, each having a different number painted on it. Around the table, three deep, sit or stand the most motley crowd that ever eye beheld. There is the bent and trembling form of the old miser, clutching tight his bag of gold, and watching the fate of his piece. The Jew glares with his black eyes over his

hooked nose—his skinny hand is ready to grasp his gain. There is the portly matron, the jewelled hag, and the flashing harlot, and the future victims of crime. There sits the man whose years and appearance would anywhere else favourably impress you, the young desperado, and the squandering rake. Here is a Russian princess throwing away her wealth, and there the ruined



Luther House, Frankfort.

Duke of Newcastle stakes his ill-got gold. Countenances tell strange tales. Eyes are fixed, hands are ready, each one looks anxiously at his increasing or decreasing pile, One of the controllers throws a marble into a graduated circular groove. The ball stops at a certain figure, and according to the figure indicated, the controllers draw in the stakes to themselves with

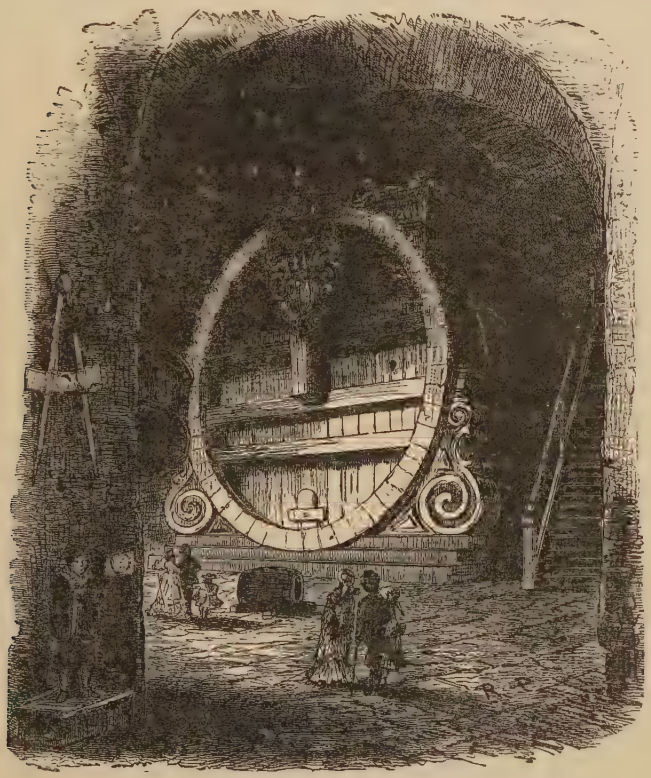
a sort of wooden scraper, or they pay out the sums to those who have won. And these things were open and palpable to the whole world. They were sources of wealth to the petty princes of the Rhine countries. All honour to Prussia, which now expels them from their dens. But, ah! what harm has been already done to the world! Here, in these portals of hell, unite the streams of varied vice of many races, forming a maelstrom more deadly than death itself to the unfortunate who becomes engulfed in its vortex.

Let us hurry away from the sickening sight. We now take train to Darmstadt, the home of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, Alexander, whose wife was the late lamented Princess Alice. We visit the beautiful grounds and park of the prince. In the midst of a wood we get upon a raised platform to have a look at a herd of wild swine feeding on acorns that are doled out to them. And wild indeed those great gaunt grunters look. Worms, famed as the seat of the Diet, where Luther defended his protest. Worms, dirty and dark as it is, will always attract the traveller by the splendid monument erected to the noble Reformer and his devoted fellow-workers. Every figure in the group is a study. Every coat of arms on its pedestals tells a history.

Passing by some places of lesser note, we next halt at Heidelberg, in Baden. Here is the university for the upper ten, and famed even in Germany for its duelling propensities and its drinking capacity. 'Twas said that the only evangelical preachers in the city were foreign chaplains, sent by the English and Scotch Churches, and a Methodist missionary.

The city lies near the mouth of the Neckar, the bed of which forms a picturesque valley. Heidelberg Castle is one of the most splendid ruins in all Germany. Think of a tower 82 feet in diameter, with circular wall with a thickness of 20 feet of masonry. This tower was blown up by the French, but instead of its breaking in pieces, it just split in two, one part remained standing, while the other, in one solid lump, fell over into the moat, and there it lies, and is likely to do so, for many an age to come. On one wall is an ivy plant, at least two hundred years old. In the cellar is a wine cask that will hold 283,000 bottles. It is said to have been filled and drunk out two or three times. See cut on page 109.

We make Strasbourg our next stopping-place. Its fortifications were then complete, and there was little thought of so sudden an outburst of the war-storm. Strasbourg suffered, but those sufferings and the damage done to the city have been very much exaggerated by the French. For instance, it was stated that the Germans made the cathedral a mark at which to aim, whereas, the fact is, the cathedral was scarcely touched, and they held service in it the day the city was occupied by the besiegers.



Great Tun of Heidelberg.

This cathedral is also one of the best and grandest of Gothic piles—one of the towers, which is already finished, is 112 feet higher than St. Paul's, in London. In the church is the famed astronomical clock. It shows almost all the revolutions and peculiar phenomena of the heavenly bodies. At twelve o'clock a most curious exhibition takes place, of moving figures representing the flight of time, etc., and an immense cock, mounted

on one corner, claps his wings and fills the whole edifice with his warning crow.

Here we leave the river again for a time, to cross over the Black Forest; our next view of it will be nearer its source. We take the train running northward to Baden-Baden, which lies in picturesque beauty at the base of the Black Forest hills. Baden is, perhaps, even more famed than Homburg for its mineral springs, but certainly more for its gambling hells. The buildings and surroundings seem even more gorgeous, while near at hand is what they call a bazaar, but what to my mind was a perfect counterpart to Bunyan's Vanity Fair.

The New Castle is of peculiar interest; though called new, it is centuries old. It is so called to distinguish it from a still more ancient ruin not far away. After visiting the different splendid rooms of the palace-castle, we descend to the dungeons, which are now only used to show how justice was administered in the "good old times" of long ago. You pass through long dark passages into apartments small and damp, where no ray of sunshine ever strayed. You see the iron ring, and the low door of once solid stone a foot thick, and nicely hung, poised on a pivot, and fastened with massive bars. A prisoner might yell with the voice of a hundred stentors without the least hope of being heard beyond his living tomb.

ONE LORD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

O LORD and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
And labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

FINE ART IN NEW YORK.*

THE best time for the lover of art to visit New York is the spring of the year—in April or May. The many artists who make that city and its vicinity their home have, during the winter, completed their paintings, for which, during the previous summer, they had made studies from nature, and have placed them on exhibition in the National Academy, or other art galleries. We know no more pleasant places of resort. The handsome rooms are thronged with the most cultured people of the city—the ladies in their elegant spring toilets. The various paintings on the walls—landscape, still-life, figures, historical pieces, *genre* pictures—are a study of exhaustless delight. One receives new impressions of the grand or beautiful at every turn, and carries away precious memories, to be summoned up at will in the picture galleries of the mind. The chief "place of honour" in the Acacemy this year has been given to "Elaine," by Thomas Hovenden, A.N.A. This is a large painting, 54 inches by 72. It bears the following motto :—

> "All her bright hair streaming down ;—
> And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
> Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
> All but her face, and that clear-featured face
> Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
> But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."

The barge, steered by "the dumb old servitor," having paused at the palace doorway, King Arthur

> "—bade the meek Sir Percivale
> And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;
> And reverently they bore her into the hall.
> Then came the fine Gawain and wondered at her,

* For the engravings that illustrate this paper we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., who have published an illustrated catalogue of the National Academy Exhibition, containing 135 reproductions of the principal pictures, most of them being photo-engravings from sketches by the artists themselves. In no way can those who have not visited the exhibition gain so good a conception of its character—while to those who have, the book, with its descriptive letter-press, will be a pleasant *souvenir* of their visit.

And Lancelot later came and mused at her,
And last the Queen herself and pitied her;
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stoop't, took, brake seal, and read it.
. . . . . .
—And even in the reading, lords and dames
Wept, looking often from his face who read
To hers which lay so silent, and at times,
So touched were they, half thinking that her lips,
Who had devised the letter, moved again."

—*Tennyson*—Lancelot and Elaine.

ELAINE.

This masterpiece is thus described by the New York *Tribune:*

"The scene is laid in a lofty, circular hall in King Arthur's Palace at Camelot, encircled with massive pillars of porphyry and marble. Upon a couch in the middle of the foreground lies Elaine. In a quaint chair beside the couch sits Guinevere, leaning forward, her chin supported by

her hand. By her side stands King Arthur, tall, broad-shouldered, and erect, holding in his hands the letter just read, and looking down upon Elaine. On the other side of the couch, 'the dumb old servitor' sits patiently upon the floor, his long white hair and beard rendering his haggard face even still more sorrowful. Near by, a lady of the court, overcome with grief, is bending forward, her face hidden in her hands. At the head of the couch stands 'the pure Sir Galahad,' with clasped hands, looking down on the maid. Sir Lancelot, seen in profile, stands almost facing him, looking across Elaine at the Queen Guinevere. Next the massive pillar, near the head of the couch, is 'the fine Sir Gawain.' At its foot stands another lady of the court, her attitude expressing sorrow, while behind Guinevere's chair is seen the sinister face of Sir Mordred. In the background are servants, soldiers, and peasants."

It is only possible here to give the central group from Mr. Hovenden's composition. A large engraving of the picture will soon be published.

In its colouring there is considerable of richness and brightness in the painting. There are certain elements of the gorgeous in some of the costumes, particularly in the garb of the king. The architecture, also, (not shown in the illustration) is very rich both in colour and design, and the texture of the marble is exquisitely given.

Another very striking picture is "The Days that are no More," by C. Y. Turner. It bears the motto:—

> "Tears from the depth of some divine despair
> Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
> In looking on the happy autumn fields,
> And thinking of the days that are no more.
> . . . . . .
> Dear as remembered kisses after death,
> And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned,
> On lips that are for others; deep as love,
> Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
> O death in life, the days that are no more!"

The sad and thoughtful face, the lengthening shadows of sunset in the graveyard, the fading light in the sky, are profoundly impressive.

Of more interest to Canadians is "The Market-place, Montreal," by G. H. McCord, A.N.A. The old Bonsecours' Market and Church, facing the quay of the St. Lawrence, Montreal, on a moonlight evening in winter. Old fishing and oyster boats along the shore, and children playing on the ice, which, in the fore-

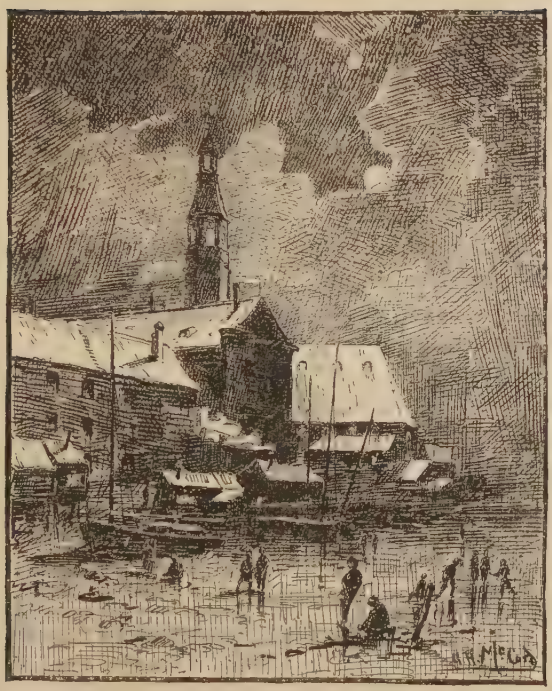
ground, brightly reflects the moonlight. Snow on the ground and upon the roofs. Red lights in the windows of the buildings. Sky full of moving clouds. The old church is extremely picturesque.

A very characteristic rural scene is presented in the fine picture by E. L. Henry, entitled, "Meetin's Out." The congregation is just leaving a country church after the Sunday morning

"The Days that are no More."

sermon. Scene in New England, where the small, white frame churches with their green blinds are a familiar feature. "Family carriage" full of people in the foreground; another carriage coming from the churchyard.

We lingered long before the picture copied on page 117, and often returned to take still another look. The upper parts of the rock are tinged with the glow of sunset; portions, in shadow from the sun, already faintly illumined by the moonlight, which has come over the water by a shining pathway. But the solemn



Bonsecours' Market and Church, Montreal.

effect of the coming on of night, and strange blending of the two lights was exquisite.

Another very effective picture was that entitled "Music," by Edwin H. Blashfield. A young girl, in the costume of the seventeenth century, seated in a marble court, roofed and pillared, but open at the sides (the Roman *Loggie*), playing a lute. At the left, a man and woman, leaning on the back of the marble seat, are listening. The grouping, colouring, and delicate details are very finely treated.

Of deep religious spirit was that on page 119, bearing the appropriate motto:—"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."

At the Artists' Union Exhibition were a number of paintings which, I suppose, failed to get hung at the Academy, although many of them were of considerable merit. There was one espe-

cially of our Saviour on the cross, which, for haggard deathliness, I never saw equalled.

The finest permanent art exhibition in New York is that at the Metropolitan Museum in the Central Park. The Cesnola Cypriote antiquities, pottery, glass, gems, jewelry, etc., are equalled only by the Schliemann Collection at South Kensington, London. In statuary, Story's Medea, Semiramis, Polyxena, and Cleopatra, form a noble group. There are also fine specimens of Powers, Canova, Westmacott, Benzoni, and some fine antiques. In the galleries of the old masters are some fine Raphaels,

"Meetin's Out." (New England.)

Titians, Durers, and good examples of early Italian and Flemish art.

We preferred, however, the loan collection of modern paintings —many of them of great value. Le Page's "Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices," is a strange, weird, mono-toned picture, its lack of beauty redeemed from ugliness only by its spiritual elevation.

The deep pathos of "A Breton Evening," with tired women returning from the field, was very impressive, as was also the religious feeling of another, showing two peasants pausing with bowed head at the ringing of the Angelus. Abject superstition was never more admirably represented than in a picture of Louis XI. praying to a crucifix fastened in his hat-band. In Mussonier

and other French artists, the delineation of still life and costume pieces, and the very texture of silk, velvet, glass, ivory, carved cabinets, was of marvellous reality.

In the "Relief of the Seige of Leyden," the expression of joy and gratitude, mingled with heroic fortitude, on the hunger-pinched faces of the burghers and their wives, was one of the grandest renderings of historic fact we ever saw.

No one visiting New York who is fond of good pictures and rare books, should fail to visit the Lennox Library and Museum. The library is free to visitors, but they must first write to the manager, Mr. Moore, for tickets, which will be courteously sent to any address on application. The magnificent building, with

SUNSET AND MOONRISE, COAST OF MAINE.

its priceless contents, is the gift of Mr. James Lennox, a New York merchant of fine literary and artistic tastes. Among the statuary are a fine Penseroso by Powers, Lincoln and the Slave, and other noble works. In the gallery of paintings are several fine Reynolds, Gainsboroughs, and Turners, and other pictures of great value.

The chief literary interest of the museum is the collection of fine early editions of the Scriptures and classical authors. Of pathetic interest is Eliot's Indian Bible, of date 1663. In all the world is no one who can read its pages. Of the once numerous nation for whom it was printed, there runs no drop of kindred blood in any human veins. One cannot but be struck with the great number of fine editions of the Scriptures issued immediately after the discovery of the art of printing. Here are two copies of the magnificent Mazerin Bible, by Guttenburg — the first complete printed book, 1450-55. Also the famous Mentz Bible, 1462; the Biblia Pauperum, 1476; stately folio,

Music.

Nuremburg, Venice, and Paris Bibles of the same date; two copies, German and English, of the "Wicked" Bible, 1631, which omits the word "not" in Gen. xx. 14; also a Bible of rare interest, whose wide margins are completely filled with fine MS. notes by Philip Melancthon; and Caxton's "Golden Legend," 1484. There are also fine Aldine editions of Theocritus and Aristotle, of 1495; the first printed edition of Homer, 1488, and of Augustine's De Civ. Dei; Erasmus' Greek New Testament, Basle, 1516; the first edition of Milton's "Comus," 1637, and "Paradise Lost," 1667; first folio edition of Shakespeare, 1623; first edition of the "Faery Queene" and of the "Pilgrim's Progress," 1678; Coverdale's and Tyndale's New Testament, the first edition printed in English; Ximenes' splendid Complutensian Polyglot, 1514; *fac-simile* reprints of the Codex Sinaiticus, C. Alexandrinus and C. Vaticanus; fine illuminated MS. "Horæ," or books of devotion; a MS. Wyckliffe Bible, and block-printed books.

There were also MSS. of Lope de Vega, Cromwell, Eliot, Roger Williams, Pope, Johnson, Cowper, Burns, Scott, Southey, Coleridge, and Buonaparte (dated "14 Pluviose"). The library has a unique series of the Jesuit Relations, written in Canada and printed in France, 1632-72, and many other treasures of inestimable value. Mr. Moore, the manager, a gentleman of rare bibliographical attainments, gave the writer much interesting information, and also a ticket of admission to the New York Historical Society Rooms, where is a library, museum, and art

THE "GOOD SHEPHERD."

gallery of great interest and importance. The Astor Library has nearly 200,000 books, and is very complete in many special departments of study. I visited, also, the Mercantile Library, which has 150,000 volumes, the New York University, and the Cooper Institute—where are files of papers in almost every European language. Goupil's, Shau's, Avery's, and other sales' galleries, are open freely to the public, and offer rare attractions to the lover of art.

NIAGARA IN 1882.

Suggested by a day of great quiet and beauty.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

PEACEFUL is old Ontario,
Calm does Niagara flow,
Where hostile ships were sailing
Seventy years ago.

Peaceful the banks of the river
To-day compared with then,
Now clothed with the coming harvest,
Then bristling with armed men.

Silent is old Mississagua,*
Niagara's work is done,†
No sound comes from its cannon
But the peaceful sunset gun.

And silent, too, are the heroes
Who sleep on either shore,
Who nobly fought for country
Here in the days of yore.

Here men still read the stories
Which the mural tablets tell,‡
Of brave ones who, for England,
By old Niagara fell.

But the strife is long forgotten,
And the battles long are o'er;
God grant that these great nations
May go to war no more.

God grant that these great nations
In peace may live alway,
As calm and as unruffled
As river and lake this day.

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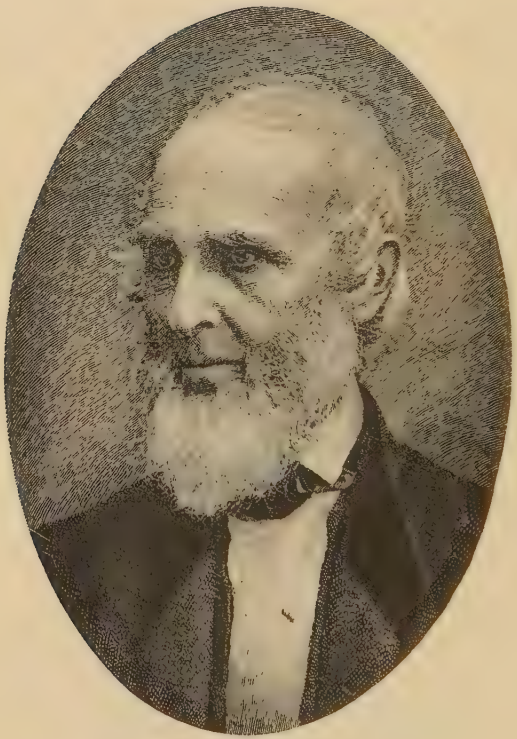
* Fort on the Canadian side.
† Fort on American side.
‡ In the English Church, Town of Niagara.

QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL,
Niagara, June 24th.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WHITTIER—THE QUAKER POET.*

BY THE REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D.,
President of Victoria University.

It is the notion of Dugald Stewart and others that the chief function of the poet is to please, as it is the chief function of the philosopher to teach, and of the orator to persuade. Whatever truth there may be in this dictum as regards philosophy and oratory, it has always seemed to me rather superficial as an account of poetry. It would be nearer the mark to regard the poet as one who sees the beautiful, or tender and touching aspects of things, and by means of song teaches others to see them. The function of the poet is inspiration, elevation, and guidance. He interprets life and the world by imagination and sentiment, as the philosopher seeks to do by the understanding alone, or by the understanding chiefly. He gives us "wisdom married to immortal verse," or as Wordsworth has elsewhere expressed it:

> Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us *nobler loves* and *nobler cares*,
> The poets, who on earth have made us *heirs*
> *Of truth* and pure delight by heavenly lays.

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* We are indebted to the firm of Houghton, Mifflen & Co., Boston, Mass., the authorized publishers of Whittier's poems, for the accompanying fine portrait. The following is a partial list of their editions of his works:

Poems. Complete. *New Household Edition.* With portrait. 12mo, $2.00.

The same. *Cambridge Edition.* With fine portrait. 3 vols, crown 8vo, cloth. $6.75.

The same. One volume. *Cambridge Edition.* With portrait and steel plate. Crown 8vo, cloth, full gilt, $3.50.

The same. *Blue and Gold Edition.* With portrait. 2 vols. 32mo, $2.50; morocco, $6.00.

The same. *Red Line Edition.* With portrait and 12 full-page illustrations. Small 4to, cloth, full gilt, $2.50.

The same. *Diamond Edition.* 18mo, $1.00.

The same. *Illustrated Library Edition.* Complete. With portrait and 32 full-page illustrations. 8vo, cloth, full gilt, $4.00.

Prose works. *Cambridge Edition.* 2 vols. crown 8vo, gilt top, $4.50.

In addition to the admirable quotations of Dr. Nelles, we have made the poetical selections of this number almost entirely from the writings of Whittier.—Ed.

Poetry may be a more pleasing mode of teaching than philosophy, but the mere pleasure which accompanies the song is still a very inadequate measure of the aim and office of the poet. Such a theory would as little apply to a great poet like Dante as to lesser bards like Longfellow and Whittier. Whittier, of whom we here more especially speak, is acknowledged everywhere to be a genuine poet, and in some respects second to none in this New World; but he is a poet chiefly for those whose hearts are in sympathy with moral goodness and the moral significance and beauty of common things. Whether poems, or novels, or art in general should have a purpose, especially a moral purpose, is a question much debated among artists and critics. One might as well debate whether God and Life have a purpose. This theory of unconscious art runs well in the same groove with the other short-sighted "philosophy of the unconscious." No good thing is blind, least of all a divine world, or divine work of art. Behind the beauty of the flowers and the music of the spheres, lies an infinite and all-conscious thought; and behind and within all great works of art runs a deep and subtle but intelligent spirit, at times, perhaps, building wiser than it knows, but knowing wisely how to build, and with inevitable moral purpose. An intellect bereft of moral aim is bewildered and lost. The light is darkness. "The spirit of man," says Solomon, "is the candle of the Lord," and this candle shines with double light in the soul of a great poet. We pretend not to analyse the inner workings of genius; we cannot always analyse the nobler instincts and intentions of a pure-minded woman, or chivalrous knight, but the moral spirit involved is then highest and most perfect when swiftest and least deliberative in its movements. It is not necessary in order to be moral-eyed that a poet should prose and lecture like a preacher;

> "To check the free play of his rhymes, to clap
> A moral underneath, and spring it like a trap."

That God has filled the world with beauty and fragrance that we might have the delight of it all, and not merely that we might moralize from it or about it, may be true enough, but there is a good deal more to be said before we have given a satisfactory account of the beauty of the world, especially of those forms of beauty which lie scattered along life's common ways. Who can

tell the subtle and soothing effects produced on the spirit of man by the grand dome of the overhanging sky with its shifting lights and shadow, and its unfathomed blue running, away into the infinitudes of heaven, or of the changing mantle of green and gold and russet brown that enwraps the earth, now passing away in autumn like a gorgeous sunset, and now at the return of spring bursting upon us with

> The splendour in the grass, and the glory in the flower?

The varied hues and forms of nature give us pleasure indeed, but they are a revelation as well, and in strange mysterious ways lift our souls to God. And that which is true of nature is true of all great works of art. When Mrs. Child defined music as "the prophecy of what we are to be," she showed how apocalyptic is the office of music, and other art also, and disclosed to us a higher perception of what beauty and melody are than any merely pleasurable sensations or epicurean theories ever dreamed of. We are fearfully and wonderfully made, and God has linked our spirits to His by many ties, some so subtle and so soft and silken that they escape our senses or draw us whither we know not. The beauty and music of the world murmur to us of God, as "the convolutions of the smooth-lipped shell" murmur of the sea.

Whittier in one of his poems modestly apologises for the homeliness of his verse, and pleads the utility of his teachings:

> Art's perfect forms no moral need,
> And beauty is its own excuse;
> But for the dull and flowerless weed
> Some healing virtue still must plead,
> And the rough ore must find its honours in its use.

But after all it is the *beautiful* side of things homely and useful, that gives him inspiration; and the power to draw out the poetry of such objects is one of his chief characteristics:—

> So haply these, my simple lays
> Of homely toil, may serve to show
> The orchard bloom and tasselled maize
> That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
> The unsung beauty hid life's common things below.

Whittier is pre-eminently a moral and religious poet, and he is this because he interprets the world morally and religiously, finding food for faith, hope, and charity in all life's scenes and events.

A charmed life unknown to death,
Immortal freshness nature hath ;
Her fabled fount and glen
Are now and here ; Dodona's shrine
Still murmurs in the wind-swept pine—
All is that e'er hath been.

The beauty which old Greece or Rome
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home ;
We need but eye and ear
In all our daily walks to trace
The outlines of incarnate grace,
The hymns of gods to hear !

Or take again these lines from his noble and truly Christian poem, "The Chapel of the Hermits:"

Flow on, sweet river, like the stream
Of John's Apocalpytic dream !
This mapled ridge shall Horeb be,
Yon green-banked lake our Galilee !

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing then and there,
Are now and here, and everywhere.

In religious faith in the narrow sectarian sense Whittier may be deficient, and this may not have hindered his spiritual emancipation; but the cardinal and eternal spirit of faith, the faith which, as Mrs. Hemans says, "touches all things with the hues of heaven," this faith is strong and pervading in Whittier. It pours its divine "sweetness and light" over all he sees and handles. In this grand attribute he is like Wordsworth, and in my judgment much beyond Tennyson.

In the earlier lines of Tennyson's famous passage he would join:

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

But the vacillation and despondency of what follows is alien from the spirit of Whittier:

I *falter* where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, *and grope,*
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And *faintly* trust the larger hope.

In Whittier the tone is always hopeful and optimistic, though no man has a keener sense of the wrongs and ills of life:

God is good, God is light,
In this faith I rest secure;
Evil can but serve the right,
Over all shall love endure.

. . . .

Our weakness is the strength of sin,
But love must needs be stronger far,
Outreaching all, and gathering in
The erring spirit and the wandering star.

This faith naturally leads to what is another marked and noble characteristic of Whittier—his broad and tender *humanity.* Slowly through the ages, alas too slowly, has crept into human thought, as a pervading and permanent power, this idea of one blood, one value, one dignity, one brotherhood, one fatherhood. Even yet the great conception has to struggle for life and recognition in many lands, and in all lands among some classes. It is embedded in the New Testament, and is occasionally found in heathen literature, but it shares the general condition assigned by Christ to His kingdom, and, as the leaven hid in the meal, it works but slowly through the mass of society. Whittier belongs to a sect whose orthodoxy is rather distrusted by the churches; but he is conspicuous, and his sect generally has been conspicuous, for a deep practical recognition of the charities of the Gospel, and of the common relation of all men to each other and to God. And what better mission can the poet have than this, of breaking down the barriers by which the rich are separated from the poor, and the men of culture and refinement separated from those who are doomed to

The squalor of the cities' throng,
The green field's want and woe?

Wherever we find this broadly human and humanizing sympathy, whether in the novels of Charles Dickens or the poems of Whittier, we recognize the spirit of the Gospel working its way through the literature of the nineteenth century. To give examples of this from Whittier would be, to quote a large part of his writings, especially those occasioned by the wrongs and final emancipation of the slave. Other poets have caught inspiration from other sources, but without this gift of sympathy, this tender and hopeful regard for the lowly and suffering, one may almost doubt whether Whittier would have written. This world-wide brotherliness makes a large part of his religion:

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

His beautiful poem on "Democracy" bears for its motto our Saviour's golden rule, and reads like an apostrophe to Christ:—

Bearer of freedom's holy light,
Breaker of slavery's chain and rod,
The foe of all which pains the sight,
Or wounds the generous ear of God!

Beneath Thy broad impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on the *man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set—
The immortal gift of God to him.

That voice's echo hath not died!
From the blue Lake of Galilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain side,
It calls a struggling world to Thee.

Whittier's love to God and love for his fellow man naturally ally themselves with democracy and the interests of the working-classes. I say naturally ally themselves, for a faith and charity that cannot get beyond a favoured few is a poor faith and a poor charity. Rightly understood, democratic rights and interests are the broadly human rights and interests, and these again are largely the rights and interests of the working-classes, for they make up the bulk of the population in all countries. Whittier's anti-slavery poems and his "Songs of Labour" are the outgrowth of one common root. That root is a divine one, and one that it is the business of all Christian people to nourish and protect. We commend to all honest people, and still more to all idle and dishonest people, Whittier's songs upon "The Ship-builders," "The Fishermen," etc., and especially "The Shoemakers," in which last we learn that—

England's priest-craft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches;

which we interpret to mean that all mankind may have direct communion with God without the intervention of sacerdotal middle-men and the sale of indulgences,—a great truth proclaimed not only by George Fox but by Martin Luther, John Wesley, and Protestant divines in general. If the unlettered multitudes need to remember their obligations to the men of thought, culture, and refinement, so in like manner the classes that have leisure and opportunities for higher studies and enjoyments should recognize the great law of reciprocity as taught in these lines on "The Ship-builders:"—

All day *for us* the smith shall stand
Beside the flashing forge;
All day *for us* the heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.

Ring out *for us* the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down the hill.

One of the tenderest and sweetest of Whittier's poems is "The Old Burying-Ground," and it is a kind of corroboration of our theory of moral purpose in nature when she clothes life's rugged and sombre scenes with a soft drapery of flowers and verdure, causing even the grave to stand "apparelled in celestial light." It is interesting to find a Quaker poet putting in a plea for God and nature, and from God and nature, against the one-sided plainness and severity of the Puritan. We wish we could quote the whole poem, but its exceeding beauty and pathos as well as its fine moral lesson will make our excuse for citing the following stanzas :—

"Our vales are sweet with fern and rose,
Our hills are maple-crowned ;
But not from them our fathers chose
The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land,
To death they set apart ;
With scanty grace from Nature's hand,
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,
Frost-flung and broken, lines
A lonesome acre, thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch tree shows
Its drooped and tasselled head ;
Within, a stag-horned sumach grows,
Fern-leafed, with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neighbouring plain
Like white ghosts come and go,
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low moans the river from its bed,
The distant pines reply ;
Like mourners shrinking from the dead,
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,
  Unchecked the winter blast ;
The school-girl learns the place to shun,
  With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified—
  That he might read who ran—
The emptiness of human pride.
  The nothingness of man.

They dare not plant the grave with flowers,
  Nor dress the funeral sod,
Where, with a love as deep as ours,
  They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept,
  From beauty turned aside ;
Nor missed they, over those who slept,
  The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would blow,
  The golden leaves would fall,
The seasons come, the seasons go,
  And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung
  In bloom and green its wreath,
And harebells sung as if they rung,
  The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,
  The gifts she hath for all,
The common light, the common air,
  O'ercrept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,
  The sunrise and the noon ;
And glorified and sanctified
  It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod,
  Around the seasons ran,
And evermore the love of God
  Rebuked the fear of man.

O fearful heart and troubled brain !
  Take hope and strength from this—
That Nature never hints in vain,
  Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave,
Her lights and airs are given
Alike to playground and the grave;
And over both is heaven.

Whittier played a great part in the struggles of the North for the abolition of slavery, and at times his words on this theme flash with righteous scorn, yet he is never carried away from his candour or large-minded charity, even in his condemnation of pro-slavery men, or vacillating New England statesmen. What a tone of sorrowful forgiveness is in his lines upon the recreancy of the great Daniel Webster, who, in an evil hour, with a supposed view to the Presidential Chair, lent his mighty influence to the Fugitive Slave Law:—

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not—the tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven.

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonoured brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honoured, nought
Save power remains—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled;
When faith is lost, when honour dies,
The man is dead.

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

Through his lines on "Randolph of Roanoke" there runs the same large charity, the same thoughtful recognition of the good side of great men, however misguided or faulty they may have been. Political partizans, poisoned and perverted by the spirit of faction, may learn of Whittier how to be true to one's convictions without being unjust to opponents. Well would it be if some of our Canadian journalists and politicians could imbibe something of this noble poet's spirit, and it was pleasant the other day to hear one of the foremost of these quoting the line: "Always he who most forgiveth in his brother is most just." The following are some of the stanzas on John Randolph:—

Oh, mother earth! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving,
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
And serpent hiss of scorning;
Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness
Of all save deeds of kindness,
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
Press down his lids in blindness.

Bard, sage, and tribune!—in himself
All moods of mind contrasting—
The tenderest wail of human woe,
The scorn-like lightning blasting;
The pathos which from rival eyes
Unwilling tears could summon;
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,
From lips of life-long sadness;
Clear picturings of majestic thought
Upon a ground of madness;
And over all romance and song
A classic beauty throwing,
And laurelled Clio at his side,
Her storied pages showing.

He held his slaves, yet kept the while
His reverence for the human;
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but man and woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man
Lay down for his last sleeping,
And at his side, a slave no more,
His brother man stood weeping,
His latest thought, his latest breath,
To Freedom's duty giving,
With failing tongue and trembling hand
The dying blest the living.

"Tragedy," says Lord Lytton, "never leaves the world," and it may be added that out of the tragic scenes of life have sprung the highest works of literature and art, from the Iliad to Hamlet, Lear, and Othello. And the greatest of all tragedies has in Milton produced the grandest of all poems. America repeats the same story. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with its pictures of wrong and its burdens of sorrow, is the most thrilling and famous prose work of this New World, and it has the peculiar merit of having achieved a great political and social revolution, for it gave the death-blow to American slavery. So in Whittier there is much other poetry that is sweet and tender and full of high inspiration, but he rises to his best when touched by the bitter wrongs which came of slavery; and his anti-slavery songs must share the praise with the work of Mrs. Stowe. His poem on the massacre at the Swan's Marsh, in Kansas (Le Marais du Cygne) opens with a startled cry of surprise and horror, betokening a trumpet-call to battle, and after its heart-breaking strains of pathos rolls away into a kind of prophetic shout of victory:—

A blush as of roses
  Where rose never grew!
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
  But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air
  For wild bees to shun!
A stain that shall never
  Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairies!
  Sweet song-bird, fly-back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
  Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
  Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the Border
  Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,
  The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
  The victims were torn,—
By the whirlwind of murder
  Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands,
  The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
  No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
  Right manly they looked.
How paled the May sunshine,
  O Marais du Cygne!
On death for the strong life,
  On red grass for green!

In the homes of their rearing,
  Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
  Poor children and wives!

Put out the red forge-fire;
  The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
  The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
  O dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
  As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eyelids,
  Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let tears quench the curses
  That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,
  Mourn bitter and wild!
Wail, desolate woman!
  Weep, fatherless child!
But the grain of God springs up
  From ashes beneath,
And the crown of His harvest
  Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
  The shade moves along,
To point the great contrasts
  Of right and of wrong:
Free homes and free altars,
  Free prairie and flood,—
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
  Whose bloom is of blood!

On the lintels of Kansas
  That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
  Shall harmless go by;
Henceforth to the sunset,
  Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
  The march of the day.

Whittier's poem entitled "Hampton Beach," has been pronounced by an English review to be the finest short poem in the language. It requires infallibility to say that, but certainly it is exceedingly beautiful, both in melody of verse and spirit of teaching. The bursting on the view of the glory and freedom of the open sea to a worn and weary traveller, standing upon the

Beach in the clear sunlight and in the fresh bracing air, is somehow made, though with fine and delicate touches of suggestion, to allegorise the relations of our poor mortal life to that infinite freedom, beauty, and glory which lie beyond.

The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the green waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

Good-bye to Pain and Care! I take
Mine ease to-day;
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem
Like all I see—
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
And far-off sails which flit before the South wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know

No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream,
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in Summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

There is not much in the poetry of Whittier that could be called wit or humour, and yet there are not wanting some examples, among which may be mentioned, "The Demon of the Study," with occasional lines elsewhere. But it is the serious side of life that chiefly engages his fancy, and in this respect he does not differ from the other great American poets, Bryant and Longfellow. Washington Irving and Lowell, are, however, sufficient proof that our American cousins are not wanting in genuine and delicate humour. Of the kind of humour that is not very genuine, but rather a sort of wild and grotesque absurdity, there is among them, indeed, a superabundance, both in prose and verse, and apparently manufactured after the theory of Sidney Smith, who discourses as follows:—"It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation, that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning, and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of the contrary way of thinking, that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically and as successfully to the study of wit, as he might to the study of mathematics, and I would answer for it, that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before mid-summer, so that his friends should hardly know him again." Sydney was himself the prince of wags, and the above must pass as one of his jokes, for neither he nor any other mortal ever got possession of either wit or humour by any cold-blooded cultivation like that here described, though it might serve very well to show us how such gifts of mind and speech are *not* to be obtained.

No poet is a better companion for the young, none better adapted to counteract either the immoral thoughtlessness or the depraving pessimism of our time. We commend him as a teacher and consoler to all those who have, in the language of Andrew Ryckman's prayer—

> An ear by discord pained,
> And are groping for the keys
> Of the heavenly harmonies.

I had marked other poems for quotation and comment, but lest I should exceed my limits I content myself with what I have given, and trust I have done something to increase the number of readers and admirers of this sweet New England poet. Longfellow and Bryant are gone, but Whittier is more truly and distinctively American than either of them, and not second to either in poetic insight, although his verses may be less finely polished, and not so richly marked by scholarship as some of those in Longfellow. Somewhat homely though he be, there is, nevertheless, a delicate perception of what is noble and good, and in some passages a natural grace and melody not surpassed by any of the great masters of song.

I gladly, in closing, adopt the words of President Eliot, of Harvard University:—"They who love their country will thank him for the verses, sometimes pathetic, sometimes stirring, which helped to redeem that country from a great sin and shame; they who rejoice in natural beauty will thank him that he has delightfully opened their eyes to the varied charms of the rough New England landscape, by highway, river, mountain, and sea-shore; they who love God will thank him from their hearts for the tenderness and simple trust with which he has sung of the infinite goodness."

> REST for the weary hands is good,
> And love for hearts that pine,
> But let the manly habitude
> Of upright souls be mine.
>
> Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
> Dear Lord, the languid air;
> And let the weakness of the flesh
> Thy strength of spirit share.

SHALL THE METHODISM OF THE FUTURE BE CONNEXIONAL OR CONGREGATIONAL?

BY REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D.D.

"I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say."—*Paul.*

THERE are signs of a coming stir in the Methodist camp. The near approach of another General Conference is calling attention to certain strategic points in our economy, and some of the "captains of the host" have already sounded preliminary notes of warning. The time for "bulletins" has not yet come, but plans for the campaign are being outlined, and we are getting some hints as to the probable disposition of forces. Thoughts that have been floating in a somewhat nebulous condition in certain minds, are beginning to crystallize into magazine articles and newspaper paragraphs, and ere long the bloodless war of opinions will be fully upon us. This is well. The frank expression of opinion—provided the spirit be brotherly—will tend to remove misconception, and promote unity of sentiment. For this we should strive. To introduce changes into our economy by a bare majority vote, would be most disastrous; *to retain our present system by a similar majority would be equally so.* We must have, if possible, a general *consensus*, and calm discussion will help to bring it about. To this end I contribute my quota.

A Transition Period.

During the last eight years the Methodist Church of Canada has been passing through a period of transition. Her rapid growth necessitated some changes in her methods, and she has since been watching to see how far those changed methods will bear the strain of diverse and sometimes conflicting interests. Having swung out from old disciplinary moorings, in regard to her general government, she is trying whether the new Connexional cable will hold, even in a quiet sea; and the results may afford some data for estimating the chances of keeping off the rocks should she ever encounter a serious gale. Far be it from me to disparage the grand old ship, much less to impugn the fidelity of her officers or crew; yet I own to a misgiving—shared by some of the most thoughtful minds in the Church—that we have come

within the sweep of a current that has caused the Methodist ship to drag her anchors, and that to-day she lies perceptibly nearer the rocks of sectional interests than she did eight years ago.

Our Present System a New Experiment.

It is supposed in all sincerity, by many, that our present system of Church government is precisely what it was ten years ago, and that any modifications must be in the direction of untried experiments. This is a great mistake. Our present system, in some of its salient features, is entirely new. Till within a few years there had been nothing like it in the history of Methodism. In the United States there has been, almost from the first, a system of Episcopal supervision; in England there is one Annual Conference, with a President whose jurisdiction, as General Superintendent, extends over the whole Connexion; but in Canada—and more recently in Australia—the experiment is being tried of holding together a vast Connexion, including a number of Annual Conferences, without a central executive or an official head.

Can We Hold Together?

Has the experiment proved a success? Some will unhesitatingly answer Yes, and point to the growth of the Church during the last decade, in proof; but this is evading the real point at issue. The question of the hour is not—Can the Church live and grow under the present system? but—Can the Church hold together as one Connexion, without some central authority?* Ten years ago we had such an authority, partly in the Conference, in which was combined both legislative and executive powers, and partly in the President, who exercised all the functions of a General Superintendent. But under the new *régime* the legislative authority of the Annual Conference has been vested in another body, while the functions of General Superintendency have disappeared altogether. The Connexional bond being thus weakened, the tendency of the new system soon began to develop, and the question which is now forcing itself

*By "central authority" I do not mean an irresponsible autocracy, but some recognized authority that can administer Connexional law, represent the whole Church, and oversee the work throughout the whole Connexion.

upon the attention of the Church is no less than this:—Shall the Methodist Church of Canada, as it passes through the transitional period, crystallize into a solid, compact body, or shall it resolve into a nebulus haze, without cohesion and without strength? Or, discarding metaphor, *shall the Methodism of the future, in this land, be Connexional or Congregational?*

Our Present System not Presbyterian.

Another error that needs to be corrected is the supposition that our present system of Church government is purely Presbyterian, and that any departure therefrom necessarily implies the adoption of Anglican Episcopacy. This is a great mistake. The choice does not lie solely between these two. I think it is possible to have a system combining the strength and cohesion of Episcopacy with the freedom and ministerial equality of Presbyterianism, and, at the same time, free from the most serious defects of both. A little reflection will convince any one that such a system is in harmony with the genius of Methodism from the very beginning; but waiving this for the present, I merely call attention to the fact that our present system is not strictly Presbyterian, save in regard to the equality of ministers,—a principle which no one proposes to invade.

Some Points of Difference.

In Church government and order there may be analogy between Presbyterianism and Methodism, but there is not identity; and I venture the assertion that while Methodism retains its peculiar characteristics it cannot be run on strictly Presbyterian lines. Methodism has always recognized the principle of Superintendency in its Circuit, District, and Conference organizations; Presbyterianism knows nothing of this. Methodism has an itinerant ministry, the members of which must be stationed by some recognized authority; Presbyterianism has not. Methodism controls and regulates the transfer of ministers from one Conference to another; in the Presbyterian Church the matter is virtually between the minister and the congregation desiring his services. The Methodist minister is supposed to go—and usually does go—where he is sent, making no terms; the Presbyterian minister goes where called, if he chooses, and stipulates regarding his stipend. These "differences of administration" might be

extended, but the points noted will suffice for the present. It may be that in some of these respects we have, of late years, been drifting nearer to Presbyterian practice, but that the drift has been for better is not so clear.

Some Weak Points in our Present System.

Just at this point I must enter a *caveat.* In times of political excitement it is not uncommon for partizan orators to attribute to some obnoxious opponent—in order to excite prejudice against him and his cause—sentiments which he never uttered and never held; and something of this kind I have noticed in connection with discussions now arising on matters of Church polity. In some recent utterances, appeals to prejudice have been more conspicuous than logical arguments. Another unfair method of attack is to represent the opinions of a single individual as those of an entire class, as, for example, when those who desire certain modifications in our Church polity, are regarded as endorsing Mr. Macdonald's proposal of a life-Episcopate—a supposition entirely without foundation in fact.

Let me now say, once for all, that I emphatically object to the imputat on of disparaging the present polity of our Church, simply because I think it is capable of improvement in some particulars. To wilfully shut our eyes to defects in the constitution is no proof of intelligent loyalty in either Church or State. If there are weak points in our system which, like a leak at the bottom of a dyke, may let in a flood of serious consequences, it is the duty of every loyal son of Methodism to discover where they are, in order to apply a prompt and effective remedy. "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished." In Bunyan's immortal allegory it was one Simple who said, "I see no danger."

The Multiplication of Conferences.

One element of weakness in our present system arises from the multiplication of Annual Conferences. Such a division of the work was inevitable, sooner or later, and one result—equally inevitable—has been the weakening of the Connexional bond. The sympathies of ministers and people have become circumscribed, and they have lost interest, to a large extent, in anything outside their own Conference boundaries; and if this be the case

now while the men are still living who, under the old *régime*, lived and laboured side by side, how much more twenty years hence, when the ministers of the various Conferences shall scarcely know each other even by name? This growth of local, as distinguished from Connexional, interests is already obvious; and there is reason to fear that, at no distant day, the imaginary lines now dividing the Conferences, may spring up into Chinese walls of absolute exclusiveness; or, to change the figure, the narrow trench dug around each Conference to mark its boundaries may so widen, that those who once as brethren laboured side by side shall be compelled to cry to one another—"Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

If such is the tendency of the present order of things—and few will venture to deny it—surely it were the part of wisdom to introduce into the system some counteracting agency—something to lessen the centrifugal force that has already weakened, and may ultimately break, the Connexional tie. Whether a General Superintendency would meet the case is, of course, another question, to be discussed on its own merits.

A President Without Authority.

Another weak point is found in the fact that the President of the General Conference—the highest court of the Church—is, in point of jurisdiction, inferior to the President of an Annual Conference. It is an axiom in physics that "the greater includes the less;" but here the axiom seems to be reversed, and the less is entrusted with larger powers than,—and is thus made, in a sense, to include—the greater. To invert a pyramid may be a very clever feat, but we cannot say much for the stability of the structure. This anomalous arrangement in our economy leaves the Connexion virtually without an official representative. The President of the General Conference, during the sessions of that body, is merely the Moderator of its discussions, while in the intervals he is but the Chairman of a few committees, being entirely without executive or administrative powers. This fact becomes the more serious when we remember that this President without authority is elected by the joint votes of ministers and laymen, while the whole administration of Connexional law, with

the oversight, such as it is, of the work, is vested in those in whose election the laity have no voice whatever. Dr. Dewart asks, with some show of indignation, "Why is the office of President of the General Conference belittled and depreciated?" I also ask "Why?" and leave the question to be answered by those who would perpetuate a system which makes the office inferior to that of the President of an Annual Conference or even the Chairman of a District.

The Lack of Supervision.

Yet another element of weakness is the almost entire lack of supervision, just where it is most needed, namely, in our vast outlying Mission Districts. To this some will answer that the Chairmen of these Districts supply all the supervision needed. But if this argument proves anything, it proves entirely too much. It goes upon the assumption that so long as there is local oversight, general oversight is quite unnecessary; and a fair inference would be that while we have superintendency in the Circuit, we can dispense with it in the District and the Conference. But if, as all seem to admit, it is necessary to have Superintendency throughout the Circuits composing a District, and again throughout the Districts composing a Conference, is it less necessary throughout the Conferences and outlying Districts which compose the Methodist Connexion? Without effective supervision, such as will keep prominent our Connexional character, we shall find it difficult to check those *Congregational* tendencies which are already but too apparent.

What is the Remedy?

If these be some of the weak points in our present system, how are they, and others like them, to be strengthened? I am not a quack, prescribing the same remedy for every possible ailment, and, therefore, I do *not* hold that a General Superintendency will infallibly cure every unhealthy symptom, and usher in the millenium; nevertheless I do believe that a Superintendency in harmony with the Connexional character of Methodism would have a powerful effect in strengthening weak points, and in promoting unity of aim, unity of effort, and uniformity of administration. In this conviction I do not stand alone, but am sustained by a goodly number of thoughtful men among

both ministers and laymen. It is significant, moreover, that while not one—so far as I know—who advocated a General Superintendency eight years ago, has seen cause to change his views, it is notorious that many who strongly opposed the proposal then, are in favour of it now; while others who shrink from the ghost of Episcopacy, freely concede that some change, in the direction of more efficient supervision, is a necessity.

What they Propose.

It is proposed by some, in this connection, that the General Conference elect a Superintendent of Missions, who, in conjunction with one Secretary, would be sufficient for the work of the Mission Rooms, and could, at the same time, exercise a careful supervision of our Mission work, where, it is supposed, such supervision is most needed. This suggestion, coming as it does from some who are opposed to Superintendency *per se*, is very significant, as showing how the unanswerable logic of facts is pushing them in a direction in which they do not wish to go. But the scheme strikes me as unworkable. If this Superintendency were conferred upon the President of the General Conference, then we should have the strange spectacle of a President exercising jurisdiction over one-half of the Church, and having no jurisdiction at all in the other half. If, on the other hand, this Superintendent of Missions is to be a different person from the President of the General Conference, the anomaly will be still more marked; for in that case we shall have a chief officer without jurisdiction, while an inferior officer is invested with large executive and administrative powers. In other words we shall have the General Conference creating an officer with powers above those of its own President, and subject to no authority but his own.

Is there "A More Excellent Way?"

I do not think I am under any obligation at present to "formulate a scheme," but it may be allowable to make a suggestion. Eight years ago I thought that with a General Superintendency we could have dispensed with the Annual Presidency altogether; but subsequent reflection has led to the conclusion that under any circumstances the latter office will be a most important link in our general system, and should be retained.

What is required, in my judgment, is not a revolution, as some seem to dread, nor such changes as would constitute a new system, but simply the addition of another link in order to complete the system we now have, and make it more effective, Roughly outlined, my thought is this:—

1. Retain the Presidency of Annual Conferences substantially as at present.

2. Elect, say, two men as General Superintendents, to have oversight of the whole work, and hold office during the quadrennial period. Their duties would be to travel at large through the whole Connexion; preside in the General Conference, and at all its committees; oversee the work, more especially in the vast mission field; see that the Discipline of the Church is duly observed and enforced; give especial attention and aid to the Missionary, Educational, and other great schemes of the Church; transfer ministers (the rights of the latter, and of Conferences. being duly guarded) from one Conference to another; organize new Annual Conferences, as the General Conference might direct; and in short devote their time and effort to those interests which affect the Church as a whole, leaving local matters to be dealt with very much as at present.

Objections.

Any proposal looking towards a more effective supervision of our work, is sure to meet with objections from some quarter; and it is not likely the foregoing—though but a bare and perhaps crude suggestion—will be an exception to the rule. Let me anticipate some of these.

The Cry of "One-man Power."

A very common objection to a General Superintendency grows out of a dread of centralized authority. "We want no one-man power in the Church," is the cry; and the earnestness with which some excellent brethren battle against this man of straw, affords an amusing instance of the extent to which men of undoubted sense and piety may be duped by their own fears, and terrified by a ghost that has no existence save in their own imagination.

Delegated Power a Necessity.

In every well-regulated community there must be authority *somewhere.* The question is not, therefore, "Shall there be

authority?" but, "Who shall exercise, in the name and on behalf of the Church, the authority which, in its corporate capacity, the Church itself cannot exercise?" The Church, as a whole, may be the fountain of authority (in strict subordination, of course, to Christ and His Word), but is compelled, from the nature of the case, to delegate much of its authority to others. In our own Church this finds abundant illustration in the appointment of Chairmen of Districts, Presidents of Conferences, Book-Stewards, Editors, Missionary Secretaries, etc., etc., all of whom are entrusted with delegated powers. They may have other persons associated with them for advice and consultation, and these persons may determine what shall be done, and even how it shall be done; but when it comes to the actual *doing*, there is no escape from "one-man power."

One-man versus *No-man Power.*

It may occur to the thoughtful reader that even a "one-man power" is better than a no-man power. The one *may* mean tyranny, if his powers and prerogatives are not limited and defined; the other, in a Connexion like ours, *must* mean sooner or later, "confusion and every evil work." It is just possible, too, that a one-man power might be better, because less liable to abuse, than a twenty-man power. The first can be reached and controlled, because he has a personal, individual responsibility; the second cannot, because there is divided responsibility, (if indeed there be any responsibility at all), and no penalty for mal-administration.

What Would this "Power" Amount to?

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the General Conference, in extending the principle of Superintendency to the whole Connexion, should confine its exercise to a single individual, it may still be necessary to enquire, What is the mysterious "power" which some dread so much? What is its nature and extent? Over whom would it be exercised? Whose rights or privileges would it or could it invade? Such a Superintendent could have no power at all but such as might be vested in him by the General Conference, and as that Conference is composed of equal numbers of ministers and laymen, we may

rest assured that no power would be put into his hands to oppress either the one class or the other.

He Could not Oppress the Ministry.

A General Superintendent would have no power to invade the rights of the ministry. He could not deprive the least of them of his ministerial standing; he could not prevent him from having a field of labour in which to exercise his gifts and work for God; he could not send him out of the country, nor even remove him to a distant part of it, without such concurrence as would effectually guard the brother concerned from injustice or oppression; he could not interfere with his claim on any Connexional fund, nor could he shut him out from any honour which his brethren might desire to confer. And if he could not invade the rights of individual ministers, neither could he invade the rights of Conferences, as such. On the contrary, an important part of his duty might be to guard these rights against oppression from without or disloyalty within. All this wild alarm about "placing the many at the mercy of the few," is simply—moonshine.

He Could not Oppress the Laity.

It is equally plain that a General Superintendent, such as is here proposed, could not invade the rights of the laity. He could not deprive any man of his membership in the Church, or of any privilege growing out of that membership; he could not deprive the laity of representation in the District Meetings, in the General Conference, or on Conference Committees; he could not interfere with their right of trial by their peers, or of appeal to the proper tribunal; he could not impose any financial burden, nor could he take away a single privilege guaranteed by the Constitution of the Church. Nay, from his very office he would be, in an important sense, the guardian of the rights of the laity—one to whom they could always appeal with confidence should those rights be invaded.

Delegated Authority—Nothing more.

To sum up,—What powers would a General Superintendent possess? None essentially different from those now exercised by Presidents of Annual Conferences, save that he would

exercise them through the whole Connexion, thus supplying a "missing link" between our local and Connexional interests. Let it be distinctly understood, such an officer would possess simply *delegated authority*, not inherent or arbitrary power. Reduced to its lowest terms the whole question amounts to this: The General Conference enacts rules for the government of the whole Church; but as that Conference exists, in its corporate capacity, for a few weeks only, it can neither oversee the work, nor enforce the rules which have been adopted; therefore let it delegate its authority, in these respects, to its presiding officer, and entrust him with a work which it cannot, from the nature of the case, do of itself.

Connexion versus *Party.*

Let us not be deceived. Authority in the Church there must be and will be; but it remains to be determined whether this authority, in its wider scope, shall be exercised by responsible officers, appointed for the purpose, whose duties and powers are defined and regulated, or whether it shall be allowed to pass into the hands of party organizations under party leaders. *Connexional* versus *party government is the problem that will confront us in the near future.*

Conflict of Authority.

In the event of a General Superintendent being appointed, what would be his relation to the Presidents of Annual Conferences? I would say—though this it but my personal opinion—a relation similar to that which now exists between the President of an Annual Conference and the Chairmen of Districts. As matter of law the President of an Annual Conference is, "*ex-officio*, Chairman of the District through which he may be travelling, or in which he may reside;" but I am not aware that any conflict of authority has ever arisen in consequence. Now suppose the General Superintendent should be, *ex-officio*, President of the Conference "through which he may be travelling, or in which he may reside," is there any greater likelihood of conflict of authority arising here? I think not.

The Question of Expense.

This, with some, is a serious objection to a General Superintendency; but the difficulty is more imaginary than real. Suppose our present system is continued, will that save us from

all expense? It has not done so in the past, and will not in the future. If the President of the General Conference is to be of real service to the Connexion, he should be freed from all duties save those which pertain to his office, and adequate provision should be made for his support. If this is conceded—and few will deny its desirability—the matter of expense is reduced to narrow limits, viz., a question of supporting *one* President or *two* Superintendents. And when we take into account the vast service which two such men would render to the Connexion, not only in overseeing and guiding our rapidly-extending work, but in augmenting our Missionary, Educational, and other funds, we may rest assured that the expense incurred would be the best paying investment the Church has ever made.

What is "the Conclusion of the Whole Matter?"

Neither time nor space will permit me to pursue the theme farther at present, although many arguments *pro* and *con* must remain untouched. Suffice it now to say—if it be necessary to say it—that I advocate no "one-man power," requiring "a radical change in Church organization to adjust it to this new mode;" I plead only for the Methodist system in its entirety; for such an addition to existing agencies as will require no "change" at all, but merely supply the "missing link," strengthen the Connexional bond, and put the Church in a position to do her work more swiftly, more effectively, and with less friction than seems to be possible now. This is a broad question. It is not one for ministers alone to decide,—although, hitherto, it has been considered chiefly from that standpoint; it is one in which the laity are equally interested, and in the settlement of which they should have some part. It is not sufficient to ask—"How will this affect the rights and privileges of the ministers?" We should rather ask—"How will it tell upon the interests and work of the Church as a whole?" Believing that such a system of Superintendency as I have outlined would be for the best interests of Methodism in this land,—that it would promote unity, repress sectionalism, nullify attempts at party rule, secure uniformity of administration, and give prominence and permanence to the Connexional Idea, I commend the subject to the prayerful thought of the whole Church, and especially of those who shall compose our next General Conference.

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER XXII.—A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

"Moving accidents by flood and field."
—*Shakespeare.*—"Othello."

THE winter passed rapidly away. Lawrence was much from home attending missionary meetings, and conducting, for six weeks, a revival service of great power at one of his distant appointments. The revival was a great success. The whole neighbourhood was profoundly stirred. Night after night the school-house was crowded. Many promising converts were added to the Church, including more than one young man of much force of character, who had been as conspicuous for boldness in sin as they afterwards became for boldness in confessing Christ. Lawrence frequently drove home at night on the ice, which offered a shorter, smoother, and easier route than that by land. He met, however, one night with an adventure that made him content to take the longer and more difficult route.

It was in the early spring—the roads were very muddy, and it was raining heavily. He declined all invitations to remain all night, and determined to take the track on the ice, as for domestic reasons he was very anxious to return home. Instead of following the direct road he kept pretty close to the shore, fearing that if he got out of sight of land he should get lost on the ice. The hills loomed vaguely through the darkness, and not a friendly light was to be seen in any of the farm-houses along the shore. Suddenly his lively little mare, Jessie, stopped stock-still and refused to proceed. Lawrence peered eagerly into the darkness but could see no cause for alarm, so he chirruped encouragingly to the faithful creature and urged her on. Re-assured by the sound of his voice she took a step forward, and instantly disappeared completely out of sight. The ice had been weakened by the rain, and by the effects of a swollen stream which flowed over its surface, and as soon as the weight came upon it, it crashed through like glass. The cutter had followed into the hole in the

ice, and when Lawrence had scrambled out of it upon the ice, its buoyancy brought the little mare to the surface, and her own efforts prevented her from again sinking.

Lawrence was in a perilous predicament. There was no help near, not a single light was visible, and there was no use calling for aid, for all the farm folk in the scattered houses along the shore would be fast asleep. There was also no time to spare if he would save the faithful animal, struggling in the water, before she should become benumbed and exhausted. So lifting up his heart to God, he crawled on his hands and knees to the edge of the broken ice, patted Jessie on the nose, and cheered and encouraged her by repeating her pet name. Meanwhile he had loosed the mare from the cutter, and then fastened the reins around her neck. Placing her fore feet on the edge of the firmer ice, and taking the reins over his shoulder, he turned and strained, it seemed to him, with superhuman energy. At length, with a desperate effort of his own and the mare's, she managed to scramble out upon the ice. She whinnied with joy and rubbed her nose against Lawrence's cheek, and then stood stock-still, though shivering with cold, till he dragged the cutter upon the ice and harnessed her again thereto. Lawrence then set off on a trot across the ice, both to restore warmth to his benumbed frame, and to sound the ice; and Jessie followed closely after. Fortunately they were near land. Lawrence made his way to the shore where a point of land jutted out into the lake. With difficulty he got the mare up the steep bank, leaving the cutter on the ice. Whereabouts he was he did not know; but looming through the darkness he saw the shadowy outline of a farmhouse. Towards it he made his way, and knocked with his whip-handle loudly at the door. The muffled bark of a dog was heard, but nothing more, when Lawrence again loudly knocked and called out.

"Hallo! Who lives here? Help is wanted."

A window rattled in its frame, and was cautiously raised, and a shock-headed figure appeard thereat.

"Who's out at this time of night, and such a night as this?" asked a husky voice, with a strong Tipperary brogue.

"My name is Temple, I am the Methodist preacher," said Lawrence. "My mare broke through the ice, and I don't know where I am."

"The Methody praicher! The saints defend us! The praist towld us ye wor a bad man, deceavin' the paaple, and warned us never to hark till a worrud ye said. But Dennis McGuire's not the man to turn even a dog from his dure sich a noight as this." and he hurried to open the door.

A heap of logs lay smoul lering on the ample hearth, half smothered with ashes. At a kick of his foot the logs fell apart and burst into a blaze, revealing every corner of the room, and revealing also the dripping clothes and bedraggled form of the half-drowned preacher. Honest Dennis McGuire hastened out into the rain to help Lawrence with his horse and cutter, but instantly came back to tell his wife to "brew the parson a good stiff bowl of hot punch."

When Lawrence inquired the road to Fairview, and how far it was—

"It's five miles, ef it's a fut," said Mr. McGuire; "but not a step ye'll take afore the morn."

"Oh, but I must!" said Lawrence, "my wife will be greatly alarmed if I do not come home as I promised."

"Ef it's to kape ye're wurrud to that swate lady that visited the Widdy Mulligan when her childer wuz down with the mayzles, there's no more to be said. But ye'll have some dhry duds on ye afore you go." And when he returned to the house Dennis brought out his Sunday coat of blue cloth, with brass buttons and stiff collar.

"It's not fit for the likes o'ye," said Dennis, "but it's the best I have, and it may kape ye from catching the cowld—more belike if ye have a good hot whisky-punch under ye're vest. Is it ready, Biddy?

"Shure is it," said that cheerful, black-eyed matron, as she bustled about in a mob cap and linsey-wolsey petticoat, and poured into an old-fashioned punch-bowl the contents of a black bottle, and hot water from the tea-kettle.

"That's the rale craythur," said Dennis, as he sniffed its pungent odour. "That niver paid no excise, nor custom's duty. Its genooine potheen from the ould sod, ye can smell the reek of the turf in it still."

"Many thanks," said Lawrence, "you are very kind; but I cannot touch it. It's against my principles, and believe, me, Mr. McGuire, you would be a great deal better without it yourself."

"Hear till him!" said Dennis to his wife in a tone of amazed incredulity. "Heard any man ever the likes of that? Shure, an' Father McManus has no such schruples. He dhrinks it as he would milk, and says it's a good craythur of God; and no more schruples have I," and he tossed off the bowl, smacked his lips, and drew the back of his hand over them with a sort of lingering gusto.

Lawrence was too much of a gentleman to decline the kindness of his host in lending his Sunday coat. So putting it on, and over it a big Irish freize cloak, with two or three capes, and Mr. McGuire's Sunday hat, a venerable beaver, rather limp in the rim—his own was lost on the ice—he again set out for home.

It was after midnight when he arrived. The light was still shining in the parsonage window—for Edith, when she expected her husband home, always sat up for him, however late he might be—and a more welcome sight Lawrence had seldom seen. When after stabling and grooming his mare he came to the house, his clothes saturated with water, bare-headed and his hair matted with the rain—he had left Dennis' old beaver in the kitchen—Edith sprang up with dilated eyes of terror, and flinging her arms around him, eagerly asked what had happened.

"Well, I have got wet, my dear," said Lawrence, trying to smile, his teeth chattering meanwhile with cold, "wet enough for both of us, so it is superfluous for you to make yourself as wet as I am," and he gently disengaged her arms, and briefly recounted his adventure.

"Thank God, you are safe!" she exclaimed. "You must promise me not to go on the ice again. I have been haunted with terror lest something would happen. But wherever did you get that cloak?" she asked, and then as he removed it and she beheld the sky-blue coat with the brass buttons, she burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"Well, I suppose I am a ridiculous-looking guy," said Lawrence, somewhat ruefully; "but the owner of this old coat has as kind a heart as ever beat beneath broadcloth or velvet, and I would not hurt his feelings for the world."

"Forgive me," said Edith, a little remorsefully, and she bustled about to get dry clothes, make hot coffee, and give Lawrence a warm supper, to ward off, if possible, any bad result from his exposure.

Next day neither he nor Jessie seemed any the worse for their adventure, except that both appeared to be a little stiff in their movements.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE PIOUS TRAMP.

"Oh! what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"
—*Shakespeare*—"Merchant of Venice."
"He will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool."
—*Ibid*—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Our readers will have discovered before this that there is no "plot" to our little story; that it consists simply of truthful pictures of itinerant life. Human life for the most part, neither in a parsonage nor out of it, is evolved on the "plot" principle; but is largely the result of the action and reaction on each other of the environment without, and moral forces within. And while facts are often stranger than fiction, they seldom hold to each other the relations of cause or consequence developed in the plots of the sensational story-writer.

We proceed now to exhibit another picture in our magic lantern, which, while an authentic episode, has no special relation to anything that has preceded or shall follow.

In Canada we are comparatively free from the predations of "pious tramps," and fraudulent *soi-disant* agents of philanthropic, or religious organizations. The general intelligence of our people, and the comparative completeness of the organization of the several Churches, renders our country an unpropitious field for such "bogus" missionary enterprises, as that to Boribooligha satirized by Dickens.

Occasionally, however, we are afflicted with the visit of some plausible sneak-thief, who preys upon the generosity of the religious community, especially of ministers of religion. One such found his way to the village of Fairview. It was towards the close of a hot summer day that he arrived by stage. He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, with great cavernous eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and straggling whiskers. A long linen "duster," partially concealed his rusty black suit. He carried a black glazed bag and faded alpaca umbrella, and wore a limp and not over-clean shirt collar, and a beaver hat that had once been black, but now exhibited a decided tinge of brown, especially at

the rim and crown. He enquired at the post-office the name of the Methodist minister in the place, and the way to his house. Taking his glazed bag in his hand, he soon presented himself at the parsonage door. His knock was answered by Edith herself, when he inquired if Mr. Temple was within. Edith supposed from his appearance that he was a book peddler, and knowing that Lawrence was busy at his Sunday's sermon—it was Saturday afternoon—she replied that he was engaged.

"Just take him this, sister," said the stranger, in a slightly foreign accent, taking from a pocket wallet, that smelt strongly of tobacco, a somewhat crumpled card, "and tell him that a brother minister wishes to confer with him on the Lord's work."

Edith rather resented the familiarity with which he addressed her, but she nevertheless invited him into the parlour, and carried his card to Lawrence. On the card were printed the words "Rev. Karl Hoffmanns Van Buskirk, Agent of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Among the Jews."

"I do not know this gentleman," said Lawrence, "I never heard of him before."

"He seems to know you, though," said Edith, "and wants to confer with you on the Lord's work," and she imitated the stranger's sanctimonious whine. "I believe," she went on, "that he is a canting humbug. I don't like the look of him."

"Well, I must see him, I suppose," said Lawrence, and he proceeded to the parlour. He found the Rev. Karl Van Buskirk reclining at full length upon the sofa, with his dust-soiled feet resting on one of Edith's crocheted "anti-macassars," as, with a suggestive literalness, they were called.

"Ah, I knew I might take the liberty, in a brother minister's house, of resting this weary frame," said the stranger; "I'm exceedingly wearied in the service of the Lord, but not weary of it, thank God!"

Lawrence bowed, accepted the proffered hand, and said, somewhat conventionally we are afraid, that he was glad to see the stranger.

"I knew you would be," said the Reverend Karl, again taking his seat, and Lawrence, out of politeness, also sat down. "I knew you would be. We are both servants of the same Master, though labouring in different parts of the same vineyard."

"Where has your field of labour been?" asked Lawrence.

"Mine has been a most interesting field—the most interesting, I think, in the world—in the Lord's Land itself, the very land where His feet have trod, and where His kinsmen, according to the flesh, are to be gathered together before His coming again."

Lawrence was by no means convinced by the correctness of the theory of the pre-millennial restoration of the Jews, but he did not choose to make it then a point of controversy; so he merely bowed in silence.

"Allow me to show you some of my testimonials," continued the stranger, "I have the best of testimonials," and he took from his wallet a number of well-thumbed documents. "There is one," he went on "from Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Beirut, in Syria; and this is from the American Consul at Jaffa—the ancient Joppa, you will remember; we have a very flourishing school there. And this is one I prize very highly from Dr. Gobat, the Prussian Bishop of Jerusalem, you know; and here are some from my old theological tutors, Drs. Delitzsch, of Leipzig, and Tholuck, of Halle;" and he exhibited some much worn papers, which, however, as they were written in German, Lawrence could not read, although he regarded with reverence the writing of such world-famous men.

"These are very interesting," said Lawrence, "very interesting indeed; but I have, of course, no personal acquaintance with these gentlemen. Have you testimonials from any of our public men in Canada."

"Oh, one can have no better testimonials than these," said Mr. Van Buskirk;" but I have others. Perhaps you know this gentleman, the President of the Wentworth Ladies' College," and he presented a paper bearing what looked like the bold signature of Dr. Dwight.

"Oh yes, I know him," said Lawrence, "and anything that he endorses commands my perfect confidence."

"Dr. Dwight, you preceive, commends both myself and my mission to the sympathies of the Churches," continued Van Buskirk. "I should like very much to bring the cause I represent before your people to-morrow. I shall be happy to preach for you if you will give me an opportunity."

Lawrence readily fell into the trap so skilfully baited. He would have thought it discourteous to refuse the use of his pulpit to any duly-authorized minister; and having accepted the

offer of the stranger's pulpit services, he felt that he could do no less than invite him to share the hospitalities of the parsonage.

These the Rev. Karl Van Buskirk accepted with any easy *nonchalance*, which seemed to indicate that he was an adept in the *rôle* he was playing. He coolly took off his boots, asked for a pillow, and said, that "as he was tired he would like a nap till supper was ready, and," he continued with a familiar air, "I should like something substantial, you know, as I have had a long journey to-day."

Lawrence felt inclined to resent this familiarity, but he attributed it, as well as some slips in his guest's English, to his foreign extraction. As he communicated to his wife the manner of the stranger's acceptance of his invitation, he remarked:

"I have heard of foreign brusqueness, but if this is a specimen I don't altogether like it."

"If he is recommended by Dr. Dwight, that is enough for me." said Edith, and, on hospitable thoughts intent, she proceeded to make ready the guest chamber and to prepare the evening meal. The latter was appetising enough to suit an epicure—sliced cold beef, the best of bread, golden butter, ripe rich strawberries and cream, and fragrant tea—all elegantly served with snowy napery and dainty china and glassware.

The guest when summoned to the repast, cast a hungry eye over the table, as if taking an inventory of the materials of the supper, and then with brief ceremony addressed himself to the task of making away with as much of them as possible. After he had made almost a clean sweep of everything on the well-spread board, he said with a sigh,

"Your supper is very nice, Sister Temple, very nice, though a little light for a travel-worn man. Your cold meat is very good, indeed, but don't you think you could have something warm for breakfast—a nice steak now? I am going to preach for Brother Temple, and I always like a substantial meal before I preach, you know."

"We never cook meat on Sundays," said Edith, colouring. "We abstain as far as possible from all needless work."

"Quite right, Sister, quite right," remarked the Reverend Karl. "But this, you perceive, is a work of necessity—to support nature in the service of the Lord. You would not want me to

break down in my sermon, I'm sure; and after preaching I always like a roast dinner."

After supper, therefore, while Lawrence entertained his guest, who sat on the verandah, smoking a vile-smelling pipe, Edith went to the village butcher's for a fresh supply of provisions. "Had Dr. Dwight known the habits of the man," she thought, "he would not have so highly commended him."

The steak for breakfast and the roast for dinner made a serious inroad upon the sum set apart from their modest income for provisions for the following week, and as she did all her own work the prospect of fussing over a hot stove to cook it was not an agreeable one.

The stranger's evening prayer was a very effusive one, embracing not only the Jews, but also the Gentiles of every name and race, and ending with the "hospitable hosts of the servant of the Lord." Before he retired the free and easy guest took off his shoes in the parlour, asked for a pair of slippers, and requested that the maid might clean them for him. Edith was about furtively to take them, when Lawrence took them out of her hand and cleaned them himself. Even when polished they had, like their owner, a vulgar ill-bred look—run down at the heels, and cracked at the sides.

The Reverend Karl was in no hurry to appear in the morning, but spent the best hours of the glorious summer day in bed. When he did appear he sniffed the appetising odours of the broiled steak with much satisfaction, and did ample justice to the meal.

"I always take up a collection for my mission, wherever I preach, Brother Temple," he said after breakfast. "The labourer is worthy of his hire, you know. 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.'"

"Ox enough you are," said Edith to herself, and she longed to muzzle him in good earnest.

Lawrence made no dissent, although the collections were set apart by the trustees for a parsonage-furnishing fund. Edith remained at home to prepare dinner—a thing she had never done in her married life before; but she consoled herself with the thought that she would get no good from the preaching of such a sordid creature, if she did go to church.

The sermon was chiefly an appeal for money "to carry on the

Lord's work among His own peculiar people," and the appeal was remarkably successful, as the preacher paraded his testimonials from foreign consuls, ecclesiastics, and especially from the great Methodist authority, the Rev. Dr. Dwight. He also announced after the collection, without consulting the pastor, that as some of the congregation might wish to contribute something more, he would call on them next day.

Edith spent the morning broiling over the hot stove on a very hot day, and looked red and uncomfortable at dinner and out of temper; for we are sorry to say that even this paragon of perfection was capable on provocation, which our readers will probably admit that she had received, of exhibiting some signs of—let us call it—moral indignation. The Reverend Karl seemed, however, in thoroughly good humour with himself—quite jovial indeed—probably from the inspiriting effects of the large collection which he stowed away in his glazed bag. He devoted himself to the duties of the table with energy, and did ample justice to the bountiful repast. After dinner he declined an invitation to attend the afternoon appointment—probably because he learned that it was at a school-house in the country, and that no collection would be expected. Under the plea of fatigue, he stretched himself upon the parlour sofa, whence his melodious snores could soon be heard.

Edith always attended the Sunday-school, but on this occasion was too tired to go, and besides did not wish, partly from courtesy, and partly from distrust—a strangely blended feeling—to leave the stranger in the house. She, therefore, asked her friend, Carrie Mason, to stay with her, chiefly from a vague feeling of revulsion at being left alone in the house with her strange guest.

In the evening he again declined to attend the service, under the plea that he felt unwell—which, however, did not prevent his making away with what was left of the dinner's roast beef. He then smoked on the verandah his vile tobacco, and in the twilight dusk returned to the little parlour; while Edith and her friend completed the household work in the kitchen. When this was done, Edith proceeded with a lamp to the parlour, when to her surprise she beheld her Reverend—or rather *un*reverend guest—stooping over her cabinet, a sort of combined work-box and writing-desk, which she had received as a wedding present. It contained her gold pen and pen-holder, her gold thimble, fine

scissor case, one or two lockets, and some other trinkets, which she highly valued as presents from dear friends. He had opened the cabinet and was furtively trying to open its several drawers. When detected he exhibited some degree of nervous embarrassment, but soon recovered his usual assurance, and remarked:

"I have been admiring your beautiful cabinet, Sister Temple. I have never seen one so elegantly fitted up."

Edith was so unresponsive in her manner that Mr. Van Buskirk, after repeated dislocating yawns, asked for a lamp and went to his room.

"That man's a thief," said Carrie Mason, after he had gone, "or would be if he could. I wouldn't trust him in a churchyard, for fear he would steal the tombstones."

"I don't know what to think," replied Edith. "If it were not for his letter from Dr. Dwight, I would distrust him too."

"If he has one, he stole it," said Carrie impulsively. "Have you seen it?"

"No; but I will to-morrow, before he leaves this house," replied Edith, fast losing faith in her reverend guest.

She communicated her suspicions to Lawrence on his return, and they both decided that he must not be allowed to solicit money from the people of the village. It was, however, an embarrassing thing to broach their suspicions; but when after breakfast, next day, the *soi-disant* philanthropist asked Lawrence to accompany him on his round of begging—"your introduction will be of great service to me," he said—they both felt that the time had come for an explanation.

"I regret that I cannot accompany you," said Lawrence, "I do not know enough of your work to so fully endorse it."

"What! after seeing all these documents and testimonials!" said the philanthropist, with real or well-feigned astonishment. "What does Sister Temple say to this?"

"I have not seen your testimonials," replied Edith, with an involuntary recoil from the familiarity of his address.

"Allow me to show them to you, I am sure you will recognize the importance of my mission," and he effusively unfolded his wallet and displayed its contents.

She paid little heed to the foreign documents and consuls' certificates, but rapidly opened and critically examined the so-called testimonial from Dr. Dwight.

"This is not Dr. Dwight's hand-writing," she said presently, "I know it well. Besides, Dr. Dwight does not spell his name D-w-i-g-t. This," and she looked the discomfitted tramp in the eye, "is a forgery, as I suppose the others are, too."

"Madam!" said the detected rogue, snarling and showing his teeth like a weasel caught in a trap. "I will not argue with women. I have been grossly insulted. I leave your house this instant!" and he looked as if he would strike her if he dared.

"That is the best thing you can do," said Lawrence incisively, and involuntarily clinching his fist. "You have imposed on my credulity, betrayed my confidence, abused my hospitality, and lied before God and man. As I have to some degree given you countenance, I give you warning, that I shall do my best to counteract your fraud."

Vengeful fires blazed in the dark scowling eyes of the disconcerted cheat, as he snatched his glazed bag and umbrella and strode down the garden walk with an air of insulted dignity.

Edith first of all burst into a fit of laughter at his ludicrous appearance, and then tears of vexation came into her eyes as she exclaimed,

"The hateful creature, I'd as soon have a toad touch me as have him call me 'Sister Temple,' in that whine of his—the canting hypocrite!"

An hour later Lawrence went to his wife's desk to write to the Toronto *Globe* a letter exposing the arrant imposter. He found, however, that her gold pen, and pen-holder, and all her trinkets had been abstracted, and that the mercenary wretch had added ingratitude and petty theft to his foul mendacity. He was however, now beyond their reach. They learned afterwards from the public prints, that while playing the *rôle* of a converted priest, and lecturing on the secrets of the confessional, he had been tarred and feathered by an outraged community, disgusted with his vulgar scandals; and that he was afterwards arrested and tried for burglary and sentenced to seven years in penitentiary.

Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor men would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.

PATENTED INVENTIONS AND THEIR EFFECTS ON THE AFFAIRS OF MEN.

BY JAMES H. LANGE.

II.

LEST there may be some who will say that the examples previously given of what patented inventions do for us, affect us only in a general way, in a collective capacity, and do not have a present, recognizable influence upon the individual, let me occupy your time further, by endeavouring to dispel such ideas, if any exist, in showing how intimately and directly patented inventions concern us in our every day life.

I will begin with the manufacture of pins, which are of comparatively modern invention. Pins were not known in the time of Queen Elizabeth ; but now their use is so common that if arbitrarily deprived of them we would consider such action a great injustice and injury.

Until comparatively recent times pins were made mostly by hand, and there were eighteen operations to be performed in their manufacture. By division of labour, a number of skilled workmen would take each one or more of these several operations, so that the work of the men collectively was much greater than the sum of all if working independently. By such division, ten men were able by the exercise of the great skill they had acquired to manufacture twelve pounds of pins daily, amounting to about 48,000 pins. Now, all this is changed. Recently, in one establishment in the United States there were forty machines, not much larger than a sewing machine, at work in one fair-sized room. They were in charge of four men, who kept them in repair, supplied them with material and took away their product. Each machine went on doing its work with more precision than it would had it been a living person, and was making pins at the rate of 160 per minute, almost three a second, and thus the establishment was turning out pins at the rate of four million a day.

Strange to say, it cost more to put the pins on paper than it did to make them, but, happily, machines are now in use for performing this work without the aid of human fingers; and

yet, greatest of all, these pins, cut from wire, pointed, headed coloured, and put on papers with all the expense attending their sale were sold for between three and four cents per pound more than the wire cost out of which they were made.

I will cite but one more illustration, namely the manufacture of shoes. There have been granted in the United States alone over 2,000 patents on shoe machinery, shoe tools, etc, and that industry has grown up within the last twenty years. Take an ordinary shoe. The upper leather is cut by hand, the soles by machinery, using dies whereby there occurs little waste of material. The stitching is done by machinery, the lasting is done by a machine, and the pegging of the sole is done by a machine, or when sewed it is done by a machine. When sewed by a machine, the edge of the sole is first chamfered or channeled by machinery. Then there is a beating out machine for beating out the soles; and the bottoms are sand-papered by a machine. The heels are made by machinery; they are nailed on and burnished by machines. In fact, about 85 per cent of the labour necessary to make a shoe is now done by machinery. When making pegged shoes, the pegs are driven into the soles by a pegging machine at the rate of 900 a minute. The peg used by this machine is in a strip or ribbon of wood, say, one hundred feet long of proper thickness, and of a width equal to the length of the peg. This strip is cut from a round log, across the grain and in a spiral manner. When cut, this ribbon is so delicate and tender that the owner had to invent a machine to wind it up; then a peculiar process was required to dry and season it, and further, another machine was necessary to sharpen the edge of the strip so as to make the pegs pointed. Afterwards, the inventor found it essential to construct still another machine to grind the knives always at a certain angle, to point the pegs, and, lastly, a machine was devised for compressing the pegs, making them much better and the work more lasting.

Let us return to the sewed shoe. It is known that the sole varies in thickness. That is the front part of the sole is quite heavy, the shank under the hollow of the foot being comparatively thin, while, when it gets around to the heel, there is a good deal more leather to sew through. This obstacle of the varying thickness of the sole to be sewed, was the great difficulty to be overcome, but inventors have succeeded after a great

outlay of thought, labour, and money, in producing a machine, which, in sewing the shoe, automatically measures the thickness of the sole at the point to be stitched, and then feeds the exact length of thread required to make the stitch! This same feature has been changed in construction and adopted, in the manufacture of army shoes, to automatically cause a long metal screw to be screwed into the sole to any decided depth, according to the thickness of the sole at the point of insertion and then cuts the screw off even with the bottom of the sole.

By these and other great improvements made in shoe machinery, manufacturers are enabled to sell a shoe for $1.50 that formerly sold for $2.50, notwithstanding the cost of material has increased 40 to 50 per cent., and the wages of operatives have been almost doubled!

Having shown, it is hoped, how patented inventions beneficially affect a people, or an individual, I will now endeavour to set forth the intimate connection between the creation and introduction of inventions and a wholesome patent law, and how the former are stimulated by the latter; and secondly, how, in fact, the wealth and progress of a country are largely due and clearly traceable to a wise system of patent laws.

Primarily, the intention of a patent law is to give the inventor an exclusive control over his invention for a limited period of time, provided he explains the invention in such clear manner that persons skilled in the art to which it appertains can understand and work the same, and further, that such invention becomes public property and free to all the world at the expiration of the patented term. The exclusive control for a term certain is the spring of nearly all inventive action, the inducement for capitalists to put money into inventions, and the basis upon which all calculations are made. Remove this feature from the laws of a country and inventive action stagnates, capitalists seek other and surer fields for the investment of money, and a country will begin to fall behind in the race of progress and diligence.

Such a law is based upon one of the most deep-seated and widely-felt springs of human action—the love of gain.

It is not here claimed that the love of gain is the only spring of action to induce the creation of inventions; on the contrary, I am well aware that important inventions have been made

without the hope of pecuniary gain, and without the protection of a patent law. For instance, Italy thus gave the world the telescope and the galvanic circuit, and Germany contributed the art of printing by moveable types. Many important contributions to chemistry have been made by men, who prosecuted their researches from a simple love of science, or in search of the philosopher's stone.

It has often been urged that inventions would be made whether the inventors would be rewarded for them or not. Such statements are generally made by persons who know little of inventors; and again, there are others who assume that invention consist wholly in the exercise of the mental faculties. But these ideas fall far short of the actual condition of affairs. A good invention involves a great deal more than mental labour. It involves experiments and trials, a large amount of physical labour, and the expenditure of considerable money. There occur many delays. Oftentimes costly expert labour must be employed. Experiments often result in failure which calls for more and more money, and additional thought and labour to overcome new difficulties. Few men would undertake such an enterprise, if when success was attained, they could not control the invention. Take the case of the machines to which I called your attention that sewed the soles of shoes, together with the improvements mentioned, whereby it could fasten the soles with screws. The first machine was constructed in 1858, and was very poor and imperfect. Experiments were tried from time to time, parts were added here and there, and improvements made until 1875, when the machine became practically and financially successful. To bring about this result there was expended on this one little machine in trials, experiments, etc., over $300,000. What inventor, what manufacturer, would invest $300,000, besides his time and his labour, in one machine, if he knew that as soon as perfected, another person could reap the benefits of the machine without being burdened with such a large outlay of money?

Mark what is said by Bessemer, the great English inventor of the apparatus and process for making, what is now known the world over, as Bessemer steel—a quality of steel that has driven almost all other kinds out of the market and lessened the cost of the product fully one-half. He says: "My experi-

ence during the whole of the time I was experimenting has shown me clearly, that if I had no patent law to fall back upon, I, as an engineer, could never have first spent two and a half years of my time, and $20,000 over mere experiments, which, if they had failed, would have been an entire loss to me. Altogether I made an outlay of over $100,000 in gold, but had it not been for the patent law securing my right in my invention by a patent, I could never have hoped to recoup myself; and I should never have dared to embark in the iron trade, that I knew nothing of, and compete with every manufacturer, who could use my invention without the cost and risk that I myself had had, because he would have known everything at once, while I had to dig it out at great cost. Instead of having an advantage over the trade, I should have had the manifest disadvantage of having spent more capital to produce a given result, than any man who followed me; but with the protection of a patent law, I felt no hesitation, and so strong was my belief in the ultimate success of my invention, in spite of the unfavourable opinion of the trade, that I persisted."

Mr. Bessemer was afterwards asked what he would have done if there had been no patent system? He replied: "I never would have spent a dollar of my money or an hour of my time."

Mr. Mundella, another prominent English inventor says, that he "was quite clear that inventions never would be proceeded with without patent laws."

Jeremy Bentham in his Manual of "Political Economy," says that "protection of inventions is as neeessary as protection against thieves;" and he adds: "He who has no hope that he will reap, will not take the trouble to sow; for that which one man has invented all the world can imitate," thus showing the great necessity for the protection of this species of property.

Although many other high authorities might be cited, it is thought the foregoing will suffice to sustain the proposition submitted, and I will, therefore, hurry on to the consideration of the last question, namely, "that the wealth and progress of a country are largely due and clearly traceable to a wise system of patent laws."

Let me bring Switzerland to your attention. Switzerland never had a patent law, and she has been held up, time and time again, as a country, the people of which were shrewd

enough to avoid patent laws, and yet leave them free to adopt whatever might be useful in the patented inventions of other nations. It is a country very well situated for that purpose. The people are industrous, intelligent, cultivated, and free ; they have been long trained in some of the nicest of mechanical industries, and one would think that if the experiment could ever be made to succeed it would be in such a country and with such a people. These many years, for generation after generation the Swiss have been a nation of watch-makers, and this would naturally lead one to think that the great improvements in watches would emanate from such a people. But this is not the case. On the contrary, nearly every valuable improvement in time-keepers has originated in England, France, and the United States ; and for no other reason than that she has no patent laws and the others have.

The result of these improvements is not only that the price of these articles has been greatly reduced, but they are so much better that the Swiss have not only copied them, but have also copied the trademarks used on them. So great has been the revolution in this industry, that one of the Swiss commissioners to the United States Centennial, himself a large manufacturer of watches, on his return home told his people, " that they must either adopt a patent system, similar to that in the United States, or give up business." The other commissioner, Mr. Bally, is reported to be a man who has had peculiar advantages in maturing his judgment with regard to industries. He is the largest shoe manufacturer in Europe. His factory is fitted up with American machines set up for him by American mechanics, and he does not lack in capacity for organizing labour. He is, therefore, a most favourable example of the Swiss idea of adopting the inventions of others. He declared that plan a total failure and went home from the Centennial in despair at the results of American machinery. Within six months after his return, shoes made in Massachusetts were laid down in Switzerland, freight all paid, at a price less than he could produce them at home. He has written a pamphlet to arouse his countrymen. He tells them that when he has filled his factory with imported American machinery, the Americans, paying three times as much per day for labour, can beat him in quality and cost of product. To make progress in the industrial arts,

to improve the construction of machinery and the use of it, the inventions cannot be imported; they must be the growth of the soil. The nation that originates will always be ahead of the nation that copies. He said all this and more, and told his countrymen that, among other things, and as one of the first means to the end, they must adopt a patent system.

Take England. She has a patent law. She was the first to have one, dating as far back as the seventeenth century. Mark her wealth in manufactures! Note the advanced position she holds by reason of her industries! Think what the steam engine—the invention of James Watt, and patented by him under the English laws—has done for England! It is stated on authority that in England alone the steam engine does a work equal to that of 400,000,000 men.

Let me relate a bit of history, as given in an authoritative work, in connection with the steam engine, that will, I think, do more to clearly show the beneficial effects of a patent law, than a number of ordinary illustrations. The work says:—

"If ever there was an inventor, who was possessed with the spirit of invention beyond his control, it was probably James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, the greatest invention the world has ever received. But no one can read his history without being convinced that but for the patent law of England, James Watt never would have brought the steam engine to perfection. At the very outset of his labours, we find him contemplating his expected patent, and dealing with the expectation in order to raise money for prosecuting his work. He had not proceeded far before he exhausted his own means—about £1,000. He was then compelled to sell two-thirds of his invention in order to obtain the means, with which to prosecute his experiments and also secure his patent. Before he had reduced his invention to practice, the means of the person with whom he had associated himself were exhausted, and he was compelled to get means to secure his patent from another source. After he had obtained his patent, six years elapsed before he was able to complete a working engine which gave satisfaction. He was then endeavouring to negotiate with Matthew Bolton, to take an interest in the invention, and furnish the means to bring it into use. Bolton was one of the rare men that England has produced. At that time he was the

most skillful manufacturer in Great Britain, and had in his employ a body of the best trained workmen, probably, in the world. He was, too, a man of inventive genius, and yet a business man of great ability, and possessed very considerable means. He became acquainted with James Watt and his invention after the patent was taken out, but Watt was under a contract with the first party and could not make a satisfactory arrrangement.

"Watt, after the lapse of six years, became free to negotiate with Bolton. Mr. Bolton then entered into a new examination of the invention. He was enthusiastic. He foresaw with the prophet's eye what there was in store for England in that invention. But six years of the patent had elapsed, and as a business man he decided not to touch it, he was convinced that it would be impossible to get a return of the money requisite to bring the invention to perfection and introduce it into use in the eight years which then remained of the patent. Mr. Watt was therefore compelled to go to Parliament and surrender that patent and ask for a new one for twenty-four years. His petition was granted. Upon the grant of the new patent, Mr. Bolton embarked his capital and energies in it. It may well be said that the Parliament of Great Britain never passed a law which had so great an influence upon the destinies of England and the world, as that law giving James Watt an extension of his patent for twenty-four years. All that Mr. Bolton anticipated took place. The difficulties of introducing the invention were enormous. The trouble of finding trained workmen skillful enough to build engines and take charge of them was great. A large capital was required and infringers seemed to compete with them. It was not until nearly the expiration of the twenty-four years that they began to receive a return for the money and labour which had been expended."

It would be useless, I think, and tiresome, to further occupy time by giving additional facts and figures to prove my last proposition, when it is so fully substantiated by the foregoing sketch of the early history of the steam engine, especially since it so clearly sets forth the operation of a patent law, not only on the inventor and the capitalist, but also upon the public, and further shows how largely the love of gain determines the successful introduction of an invention.

It indicates, too, the many trials, difficulties, and delays that beset the path of the inventor; his great patience, perseverance, and industry in bringing about the successful introduction of an invention; the expenditure of the greater or less amount of time, labour, and money involved; and the avidity with which infringers endeavour to reap the fruits of the genius of others, even in the face of the patent law.

It clearly points out to Canada, with her vast territory, her fertile plains, her wooded hills, her rich mines, her immense water-power, and her possibilities for a great future, the necessity of jealously guarding her system of patent laws, and protecting the rights and principles of that great public benefactor —the inventor.

And, lastly, it calls our attention to the creation of a new industry, the pioneer of the railroad, the steam-ship, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, and the thousand and one new industries that have sprung up with the past century, giving labour to millions of human beings, conferring wealth and prosperity on hundreds of thousands, conquering distance, time, and space, bringing nations into closer contact one with another, educating the masses, and affecting nations and men in all conditions of life.

STANSTEAD, *Que.*

"AS A FOND MOTHER."

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
  Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
  Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
  Nor wholly reassured and comforted
  By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
  Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
  Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
  Being too full of sleep to understand
  How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—*Longfellow.*

METHODIST UNION—FACTS AND FIGURES RELATING THERETO.

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, M.A.

IN TWO PAPERS—PART I.

AMALGAMATION, commercial and ecclesiastical, is the order of the day. The subject of Methodist union is in the air. Almost simultaneously the four Methodist bodies of this province have discussed and passed resolutions concerning it. So far, but little has been said of details or of a basis, principally because it was necessary first to discover if a *spirit of union* existed. If that were wanting all else would be useless. But now that all the bodies interested have spoken in favour of the *principle* of union, we consider the time has arrived to examine each other's methods more fully, and thus make possible an intelligent and comprehensive argument on the question. The design of the present article is not so much to formulate an argument as to furnish materials for one, in other words to supply such facts and information as must necessarily be considered in any attempt at union.

Convinced that better acquaintance with the other Methodist bodies is necessary, we have taken a survey of the Bible Christian, Primitive Methodist, and M.E. Churches,* and now propose to give historical notes of the origin, the principal points of

* Authorities consulted :—

(1.) Bible Christian. Digest of Rules of 1876; Jubilee Memorial Vol., 1865 ; Minutes of Conference of 1882 ; Report of Conference of 1882 in *Observer.*

(2.) Primitive Methodist. Discipline of 1873 ; Petty's History of Primitive Methodist Connexion of 1864 ; Minutes of the English and Canadian Conferences of 1881 ; Minutes of the Canadian Conference of 1882 ; Reports of the Conference of 1882 in *Journal.*

(3.) Methodist Episcopal. Discipline of 1879; Minutes of the Niagara, Ontario, and Bay of Quinte Conferences, 1882.

(4.) Miscellaneous. Minutes of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Conferences of the Methodist Church of Canada for 1882 ; Cornish's Cyclopædia of Methodism in Canada ; Carroll's Exposition Expounded ; Dr. Ryerson's Articles in the METHODIST MAGAZINE ; *Methodist Union*, Nos. 1–16.

church government, the regulations of the benevolent funds, and the general statistics of each. The scores of similar points in doctrine and usage have been omitted, and as far as possible only those methods are alluded to which differ from those of the Methodist Church of Canada. The fact that this paper is intended principally for readers acquainted with the laws and usages of the latter Church will account for the absence of detailed references thereto.

I. The Bible Christian Church.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

This denomination was founded in England by Mr. William O'Bryan, who was born in Cornwall, in 1778. He became a Methodist local preacher but would not submit to be confined exclusively to the circuit plan of appointments. The military exactness of Wesleyanism made no provision for such irregularities, and he was formally excluded from that body in 1810. His first society of twenty-two persons was organized at Lake, Shebbear, Devon, in 1815.

In 1831 the Conference sent out John Glass to Canada West, and Francis Metherall to Prince Edward Island, and in the following year J. H. Eynon was appointed to Canada West, and in 1833 Philip James to Prince Edward Island.

In 1854 a Canadian Conference was organized, including two districts in Ohio and Wisconsin, which Conference at the present time embraces within its jurisdiction all the Bible Christian work on the continent.

CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

Quarterly Meetings. The composition of these meetings is similar to that of the Methodist Church of Canada. The pastor presides, except at the last quarterly meeting of the year, when the chairman of the district is present. Elders' meetings manage the interests of a local church. Quarterly meetings take charge of all the churches of a circuit. One steward to each minister is appointed to attend the district meeting.

District Meetings. Lay representatives from the district (one or more, but not exceeding the number of preachers sent) are chosen as members of the Conference, and are also members of the Book, Missionary, and Stationing Committees. The following are the districts of the Connexion, and, consequently, in the

event of a union, the sections of country that would be affected: Prince Edward Island, Cobourg, Bowmanville, Peterboro', Toronto, Exeter, London, Cleveland, Wisconsin, Manitoba—10. By regulation no district is to comprise more circuits than eight.

Probationers. Forty per cent. of marks is necessary to pass the literary and theological examination. Every probationer in order to his being considered eligible for continuance in the ministry must be annually furnished with a certificate of approval from his fourth quarterly meeting according to the following form:

Did Bro. —— arrive in the circuit as soon after Conference as could have been reasonably expected?

Does he continue to give evidence of genuine piety and devotedness to God?

Has he satisfactorily discharged his ministerial, pastoral, and other duties?

Do you consider him possessed of the necessary abilities for the ministerial office?

Signed on behalf, and by order of the quarterly meeting by the circuit stewards.

Stationing of Ministers. The Stationing Committee is composed of the President and Secretary of Conference, editor, missionary, and financial secretaries, the chairmen and lay representatives of the districts. The district meeting prepares a draft of stations, and so far as may be practicable arranges them according to the requests and suggestions of the quarterly boards. The mutual arrangements entered into by the preachers and their quarterly meetings as to the re-appointment of the preacher to that station must not be disturbed by the Stationing Committee, unless evidently necessary for the general welfare. The maximum time on a circuit is four years, unless Conference exigencies demand otherwise.

Annual Conference. The Conference is composed of the President and Secretary of the preceding Conference, the chairmen and lay representatives of the districts, and as many itinerant preachers as were authorized by the district meeting. The Conference of this year was composed of eighty-eight persons—fifty-two ministers and thirty-six laymen. Every fifth year from 1875 the number of ministers and laymen must be exactly equal, thus

making the Conference of that year similar to the General Conference of two other Methodist bodies.

CONNEXIONAL FUNDS.

1. *District Fund.* Raised by collections for the travelling and other necessary expenses of chairman, ministers, and laymen attending the district meeting.

2. *Church Loan Fund.* Raised by collections and donations, also by friends of the denomination making loans for five years, free of interest. Conference disposes of the amount annually, according to need. The amount of this fund is $9,675.

3. *Children's Fund.* A tax of twenty-five cents per member is levied for this fund, and the amount equally divided among the children up to sixteen years of age. The amount raised this year was $1,475, and the allowance to each child was $10.50.

4. *Contingent Fund.* For general expenses and special cases. Each preacher is expected to raise $10 for this fund.

5. *Beneficent and Orphan's Fund.* Raised by annual collection. The object is to increase the annuities to superannuated preachers, to assist in furnishing houses for newly-superannuated brethren, and to render assistance to ministers' widows and orphans in unusual cases of affliction. Orphan children up to sixteen years of age are allowed $28. The fund this year amounted to $431.

If supernumerary ministers are unable to take full work, and are yet able to do a certain amount, they are eligible to receive appointments, and to be provided with a house and furniture, and $200 per annum.

6. *Superannuation Fund.* (1) First, there is a society common to all the itinerant preachers in Great Britain, the colonies, and elsewhere, who wish to become members, called the Preachers' Annuitant Society. No one has a claim who has not been a member seven years. The admission fee is $6.25. All who enter the fund above the age of twenty-seven, pay for each year above that age $3.75 in addition to the entrance fee. The following is the scale of allowances, counting the pound sterling equal to $5 :—

NO. OF YEARS A MEMBER.	ALLOWANCE TO SUPERANNUATED.	ALLOWANCE TO WIDOWS.
10	$72 50	$42 50
15	85 00	55 00
20	97 50	67 50
25	110 00	80 00
30	122 50	92 50

Above thirty $2.50 is allowed for each year's effective service. No widow is allowed more than $100.

(2) Secondly, The Preachers' Annuitant Society in Canada.

The nominal age for entry is thirty. Above that age, up to forty, the applicant shall pay $3 per year in addition to the annual subscription. After forty he shall not enter the fund unless by recommendation of the Conference, a majority vote of the board, and the payment of such sum or sums as may be mutually agreed upon.

Any member after having made five annual payments, and who is declared Superannuated by the Conference, shall be entitled to $50 per annum, and $3 per year for every additional year's effective service.

Any Minister who after five annual payments shall withdraw or be expelled from the Conference, shall be entitled to one-half of the premiums he has paid into the fund without interest.

No appeal is made to the people for the sustentation of either branch of the Annuitant Society. The fund is raised principally by the subscription of each preacher which is $10.50 per year, and by voluntary donations and legacies. The total number of claimants is 10.

7. *Missionary Fund.*—The Church has no foreign missions. All moneys collected for missionary purposes are spent in Canada. The missionary debt is $20,000. The increase in receipts this year over last, is about $700.

By special effort the Church paid off last year $30,000 of its indebtedness. The present Connexional debt (including the missionary debt) is $34,347, with assets to the amount of $11,813.

A Connexional paper, "*The Observer*" is published in Bowman-

ville. A Book Room is owned in Toronto, the stock and cash in hand amounting to $1,568.

MINISTERIAL SUPPORT.—(*Disciplinary allowances.*)

The minimum salary of a married minister in full connexion is $450 this year, and $500 next year, if ratified at next Conference. This is exclusive of rent, taxes, or furniture. All parsonages are furnished with the usual heavy articles of furniture, also carpets and crockery. A married minister on probation is allowed $300. A single preacher in full connexion, $200, exclusive of board; and a single preacher on probation, $170.

CONNECTION WITH THE ENGLISH CONFERENCE.

The English Conference has the power to appoint the President of the Canadian Conference once in two years, either by sending one out from England, or by appointing one of the brethren in Canada. It also reserves the right of recalling a Missionary after seven years' absence. The Canadian Conference has entire control over local affairs. There seems in the articles of union, to be no legal obstacle to a union with any other Church or Churches.

II. The Primitive Methodist Church.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

The originators of the Primitive Methodist Connexion in England, were Messrs. Hugh Bourne and William Clowes, the former of whom was born in Staffordshire, in 1772, and converted in 1799; the latter was born in the same shire, and converted in 1805, at 25 years of age.

Mr. Bourne commenced to hold camp-meetings after the American fashion, but the Methodist Conference discountenanced them, as it was thought they were not suited to England. At a Quarterly Meeting of the Burslem Circuit in 1808, he was expelled from the Methodist Society. No warning to attend the meeting, nor notice of any charge to be brought against him was given. It appears that on account of his determined support of camp-meetings he was viewed with disfavour, and the fact of his non-attendance at class, (through numerous engagements in preaching,) was used as an occasion for ejecting him. The case of William Clowes, a Wesleyan local preacher, was somewhat similar. Continued attendance at camp-meetings was declared to

be the cause of his exclusion. We understand that some years afterwards the resolution respecting camp-meetings was rescinded by the Wesleyan Conference and overtures were made to these brethren to return, but it was not deemed advisable to do so.

The work of these two men so advanced, that it became necessary to distinguish their societies, and consequently at a meeting held at Tunstall, in 1812, the name "Primitive Methodist," was decided upon. The Church in England now numbers 1,149 ministers and 191,312 members.

The body originated in Canada by the preaching of Mr. William Lawson, (a local preacher from Carlisle, England,) in the town of Little York, (now Toronto,) in July, 1829. The first-class was organized in September of the same year, with Mr. Lawson as leader, and Mr. R. Walker, assistant. The Rev. N. Watkins, the first regular Missionary to Canada, arrived in August, 1830. Twenty years afterwards there were 9 stations, 17 missionaries, and 1,630 members.

CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

In Quarterly and District Meetings, and also in Annual Conference, the Chairman or President is elected, and may be either a Minister or Layman.

Quarterly Meetings.—The Chairman calls the names of the Local and Itinerant Preachers, and inquires if there be any complaint in relation to character, doctrine, acceptability, or attention to appointments.

The Quarterly Meeting sends to the Stationing Committee the name of the preacher or preachers desired for the ensuing year.

Between the sessions of the Quarterly Meetings, there is a Circuit Committee, which is the Executive of the Quarterly Meeting, and meets monthly.

District Meetings.—The District Meeting is composed of a General Committee Delegate appointed by the preceding Conference, and of ministers and laymen as follows: A circuit sends one minister and two laymen; a branch or mission one minister and one layman. The district meeting cannot originate legislation, but it prepares for Conference from the proposals sent up by the quarterly meetings what new legislation it deems necessary. The building of Connexional Churches and parsonages must have the sanction of the district committee.

Probationers. When a candidate for the ministry is taken out, two pledges must be given to the Conference.

(1) By the station that recommends him, to the effect that if the candidate fails through affliction, misconduct, neglect of duty, or inefficiency to perform successfully and acceptably the work of a travelling preacher, the station pledges itself to take him back and give up a preacher in lieu of him, and that if he is received into the Annual List the station is willing to receive a married preacher five years from this date, should the Conference consider it necessary to send one.

(2) By the candidate himself, to the effect that if before the expiration of his probation he misconducts himself, be officially desired to withdraw from the ministry, or be not generally received in any station to which he may be sent, that he will quietly withdraw without speaking evil of any party, or sowing discord, or exciting towards himself any sympathy.

Stationing of Ministers. The Stationing Committee is composed of the General Committee Delegates (seven ministers); two lay delegates each from Toronto and Brampton districts, and one each from the other five districts.

Any station may, at the May quarterly meeting, invite the minister or ministers they desire to labour with them during the ensuing year, and if agreeable to the parties and to Conference, such arrangements shall be made final, but invitations shall in no case be sent to probationers.

The limit of pastorate is three years, but the Stationing Committee and Conference may in special cases extend it to five years, if the quarterly meeting so applies.

Annual Conference. The Conference is composed of one-third ministers in full connexion and two-thirds official laymen; also the general officers of the body chosen by the preceding Conference. No minister is eligible for Conference until he has been ordained four years, nor eligible for General Committee Delegate or Stationing Committee until he has been ordained eight years. Ministers who have travelled twenty years, being superintendents, and superannuated ministers of twenty years' standing have a seat and voice (but no vote) in Conference, and have their travelling expenses to Conference paid. Laymen are not eligible for Conference unless they have been members of the Church for seven consecutive years.

The following are the districts of the connexion (and consequently the sections of country that would be affected by a union), with the number of lay and ministerial delegates to Conference.

Toronto, 5 ministers, 10 laymen; Brampton, 5 ministers, 10 laymen; Hamilton, 3 ministers, 6 laymen; Guelph, 4 ministers, 8 laymen; London, 4 ministers, 8 laymen; Kingston, 2 ministers, 4 laymen; Barrie, 3 ministers, 6 laymen—26 ministers and 52 laymen; total members of Conference, 78.

Miscellaneous. A sermon is to be preached each year on Scriptural beneficence. Ministers who have travelled under ten years are required to read the Discipline and rules made by each succeeding Conference, once in six months, and state whether they have done so in the reports to district meeting and Conference. Each minister is expected to make on an average fifteen pastoral visits weekly during the year. Young men attending and graduating at any Canadian university, with a view to the ministry, will be allowed for every two years study one year on probation. For matriculation one year is allowed.

CONNEXIONAL FUNDS.

1. *Examination Fund.* (To defray expenses attending examination of candidates for the ministry.) Raised by collection.

2. *Church Extension Fund.* Provided by collections in the month of February. Loans of every $100 to be repaid by $110 in ten annual instalments. A subscription of $400 constitutes a separate loan fund. All church deeds and other important documents are to be in the charge and custody of the superintendent or circuit steward.

3. *Children's Fund.* The allowance for each child is $24 per year up to sixteen years of age. A committee of Conference apportions the sum each station must raise, which is on the average fifteen cents per member and six per cent. on income (not minister's salary, but income of the station). This fund amounted this year to $3,068.

4. *Conference Fund.* Object, incidental charges and travelling allowances. Tax of five cents per full member. Amount raised this year $331.

5. *Relief Fund.* Object, supply of assistance when ministers are sick. Tax of five cents per full member. Amount raised this year $331.

6. *Superannuation Fund.* There are two funds. (1) The Preachers' Friendly Society. This fund is managed in England, and is raised almost exclusively by the subscriptions of its members. Each member pays (counting the pound sterling equal to $5) into the society $25 annually. Each superannuated minister who is a member $3.75, and each widow whose husband was a member $2.50. The entrance fee at twenty-five years of age is $25, and $5 additional for each year up to thirty; after that $10 additional for each year. The annuities are as follows:—

NO. OF YEARS A MEMBER.	AMOUNTS TO SUPERANNUATED.	AMOUNTS TO WIDOWS.
6	$40 00	$30 00
10	47 50	40 00
15	66 87	52 50
20	90 00	65 00
25	116 87	82 50
30	150 00	100 00

No one receives higher than $150.

(2) The Superannuated Ministers, Widows' and Orphans' Fund. This fund is for the benefit of the superannuated ministers in Great Britain and the Colonies. It is supported (1) by the ministers in the active work and the superannuated ministers, each paying $2.50 per year, and each widow $1.25; (2) by collections taken up each November. Six cents per member is strongly recommended; (3) by profits from the English Book Room, $1,091 being paid into the Canadian branch from this source last year. The following is the scale of allowances, but it is subject to modifications by the English Conference:—

NO. OF YEARS TRAVELLED.	ALLOWANCE TO SUPERANNUATED.	ALLOWANCE TO WIDOW.
8	$63 26	$29 20
10	73 00	34 06
15	97 33	42 23
20	121 66	58 40
25	139 91	70 57
30	158 16	82 73
35	176 41	94 89
40	194 66	107 06

It is possible to be a claimant on both of these funds. The Friendly Society is of benefit only to its own members; the superannuation fund is controlled by the Conference, and *all* ministers have a claim upon it, in case of need. Not half of the preachers in Canada belong to the Friendly Society.

7. *Missionary Fund.* This fund is exclusively devoted to missionary purposes in Canada. The allowances to the missionaries are paid quarterly.

A connexional paper is published in Toronto, *The Christian Journal.* A Book Room is also owned by the denomination, the value of the stock of which is $2,366.

MINISTERIAL SUPPORT (*Disciplinary Allowances*).

Ministers on city stations and town circuits, $700.

Ministers on town stations, $650 per annum.

Ministers on country circuits, $600 per annum.

Ministers on country missions, $550 per annum.

Ordained unmarried ministers for the first two years, $250 and board, after that $300 and board.

Married ministers on probation, $320.

Single ministers on probation, $160 and board.

Each minister is allowed a parsonage furnished with articles of heavy furniture and crockery.

WHAT IS THE NATURE OF THE UNION WITH THE ENGLISH CONFERENCE?

Among the "Articles of Union," adopted in 1856, are the following paragraphs:—

The Canadian Conference shall have legislative and executive power in all local matters, elect its own officers, station its ministers, etc.; shall make its own by-laws, such by-laws shall be in accordance with the principles of the Connexion as laid down in the English deed polls, to be also stated in the Act of Incorporation.

Neither Conference shall seek to obtain an Act of Parliament for the dissolution of the union, but only on the petition of both Conferences conjointly.

No such petition shall be valid unless it has been approved by two-thirds of the members of the respective Conferences, and no vote shall be taken for such petition, by either of the said Conferences, till there has been a notice thereof given in Conference one clear day at least, previous to the taking of such vote.

The Conference this year has asked the English Conference to give their acquiescence to union, if a basis practicable and honourable can be found. *Journal*, June 9, 1882.

CHURCH PROPERTY (*Legal Position*).

In the "Act Respecting the Primitive Methodist Connexion," passed by the Legislative Assembly of Ontario and assented to, December 24, 1869, is the following section: "The real estate now held, or hereafter to be held by or in trust for, or for the purposes of, the said Primitive Methodist Connexion in this province, acquired with the funds of, or as the gift of members in Ontario of the said Primitive Methodist Connexion in Ontario, and the proceeds of such real estate shall not be subject to the control, or power of disposal, of the Primitive Methodist Conference in Great Britain." (33 Victoria, Cap. 55, p. 182.)

He who hath led, will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed, will feed;
He who hath blessed, will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry
Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him, to-day, forever.

READINGS FROM WHITTIER.

THE VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER DAUGHTERS.

GONE, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever-demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air,—
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again—
There no brother's voice shall greet them—
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love He beareth—
By the bruised reed He spareth—
Oh, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.

THE BRANDED HAND.*

WELCOME home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful brow and grey,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day,
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve, in vain
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Why, that brand is highest honour! than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;

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* Captain Jonathan Walker, of Harwich, Mass., was solicited by several fugitive slaves at Pensacola, Florida, to convey them in his vessel to the British West Indies. Although well aware of the hazard of the enterprise, he attempted to comply with their request. He was seized by an American vessel, consigned to the American authorites at Key West; and by them taken back to Florida—where, after a long and rigorous imprisonment, he was brought to trial. He was sentenced to be branded on the right hand with the letters "S. S." ("Slave Stealer") and amerced in a heavy fine. He was released on the payment of his fine in the Sixth month of 1845.

And thy unborn generations, as they tread our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's branded hand!

In thy lone and long night watches, sky above and wave below,
Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the babbling school-men know;
God's stars and silence taught thee, as His angels only can,
That the one, sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is Man!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophecy, "Salvation to the Slave!"
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air—
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God, look there!
Take it henceforth for your standard—like the Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before!

BROTHERHOOD.

LET our hearts, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust;
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother is most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding
All our sun and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer.
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on the inward ear.

Oh, my brothers! oh, my sisters!
Would to God that ye were near,
Gazing with me down the vistas
Of a sorrow strange and drear;
Would to God that ye were listening to the Voice I seem to hear!

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes?
Shall we grieve the holy angels! Shall we cloud their blessed skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
Which have fallen in our way;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it is not day!

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

The New Preacher.

Before these lines reach our readers the new preacher shall have reached his station in most places where changes have been made. Receive him gladly, for he is the minister of God to thee for God. Let him have a warm welcome to his new field of labour and to your hearts and homes. He comes among you probably a stranger, and, perhaps, with a greater sense of strangeness in that he has just left a congregation or circuit of tried and true friends. In order that the incidental disadvantages of the itinerancy—which, however, are far more than counterbalanced by its advantages—may be overcome, it is important that no time should be lost on a change of circuit, in making the minister feel perfectly at home in his new relations. And this may very quickly be done. With our system of circuit officials, our class-meetings and list of members, it will be largely a minister's own fault if in a few weeks he has not a pretty extensive acquaintance with his new flock.

Still, the membership may do much, from the very beginning, to make his ministry a success. Even if the new minister be not just the man they expected or desired, they should not hold aloof on that account. He will, for that very reason, be much more sensitive to neglect, and much more appreciative of kindness. Above all, they should put away a coldly critical and censorious spirit. Do not unkindly compare him to "that blessed man," his predecessor. His manner and method may be different, and yet just as good. If his preaching helps you, tell him so. If he be a man of sense, it will not spoil him, but will greatly encourage him. Help him all you can. Above all, pray much for him, that God may own and bless his labours, and you may expect that his pastorate shall be one of great usefulness and success.

But even more than the minister should his wife receive the cordial sympathy of the people on the new circuit. Her life is more domestic than his. Her personal friendships are stronger. Her sensitiveness among strangers is more keen. Let the circuit steward, or, better still, the ladies of the Church, see that the parsonage is ready for her reception. Let her have help in the toilsome work of unpacking and getting settled—we have known preachers' wives to have all this to do alone. And when she is settled, let them call on her at once, and make her feel that she is among those who esteem her very highly in love for her work's sake. It will do much to relieve the heart-ache she must often feel at parting from endeared friends, and will re-knit the severed strands of her life in new friendships which, when the revolution of the connexional wheel again causes her removal, she will prize as highly as those which she now regrets.

The preacher's children, with the happy facility of childhood and youth, will soon form new acquaintances. Nay, the very novelty of moving and travelling will make this experience quite a holiday event. Do not expect too much from the young folk. They are only human—very human—after all; not any better, and we do not think any worse, than other young folk. If they are not, therefore, paragons of perfection, remember that to err is human—and remember, too, that their errors and faults attract more conspicuous attention than those of most others.

May the year, to preacher and people, be one of great spiritual prosperity and benediction, and may those who go forth, it may be, weeping and bearing precious seed, re-

turn with joy, bringing their sheaves with them.

THE EASTERN WAR-CLOUD.

Never has the attention of the world been so concentrated on any one event as on the recent bombardment of Alexandria. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the sound of the British guns echoed the whole earth around. In almost every town in Christendom, men listened with feverish anxiety to the throbbing of the electric nerves which made the world-shaking events at Alexandria almost present to their sense. At Malta, indeed, a thousand miles from the seat of war, by means of a telephone attached to the submarine cable, the very sound of the guns could be heard.

It is a tremendous responsibility to awaken such echoes, but it is a still greater one to allow barbarism, in the person of an Arab soldier of fortune, to usurp sovereign power and menace the peace of Europe. Britain's arm is long, and when she strikes she deals a heavy blow. Her ironclads proved themselves invincible :—

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line.
As they drifted on their path
There was silence still as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

The chief regret is that when the great guns had battered down the forts a strong land force was not at hand to prevent one of the most dreadful tragedies of modern times. But who would have thought that even a savage would have made the white flag of truce the cloak for a deed of blackest infamy and bloodshed. It was not war ; it was midnight murder, that puts its perpetrator outside the pale of humanity. We wonder what those who denounced England's act as crushing a nation struggling for freedom, think now of their patriot hero—whose name will go down in history with that of Tippo Sahib and Mahommed Ali, blasted with eternal infamy.

Let us pray that God may overrule the wrath of man, and rescue these old Bible Lands of the East, trodden by the feet of Abraham and Moses, and by

"Those blessed feet
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross,"

from the polluting tread of the followers of the False Prophet.

May the time soon come when, instead of ironclads and soldiers, England shall send Bibles and missionaries to accomplish the peaceful conquest of the world for Christ.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

EVANGELISTIC MOVEMENTS.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* says that a Salvation Army, to be worked on Church of England lines, is to be formed. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have been duly informed of the fact, "captains" have been appointed, and a "general," *pro tem*, has been elected, and these appointments only need confirmation by the whole "Army." "The great difficulty," says the correspondent, "which stands in the way of the success of the project, lies in the probability—the almost certainty—that no clergyman of the Church of England will join any organization which is ever

so remotely allied to the Salvation Army, however excellent may be the motives of its leaders."

There has been a division in the camp of the Salvation Army, and the result is a Hallelujah Army in Ireland, with "General" Gault for its leader. It has a footing in seven or eight towns. Its headquarters are in Ballymena, and it issues a weekly paper.

The *Nonconformist* points out among the defects of the "Army," this: "There is no provision for improvement and development in manner and matter as men's minds enlarge and their feelings change. The preaching of the "captains," both in style and sense, is the same now as it was in the beginning. Those who heard their first addresses hear nothing different and nothing better now. They do not edify, they merely assist. They turn men round, but they do not move them on, and this shows both the power and the weakness, the success and the failure, the usefulness and the imperfection of their organization. The Salvation Army, from the very nature of its operations, from the very nature of its purpose, can only convert men. It succeeds in doing this, but, unless those converted are moved on into a higher school, in which they may be built up and established, mere conversion will, in time, make little or no practical moral improvement in them. Unless they move unto something better, they will turn back to something worse. It is impossible for them to remain long without moving one way or the other, and it is because no means are provided to move them forward that many who profess conversion from the evangelistic services of Moody and Sankey and others, and from the services of the Salvation Army, relapse into sin, and vanish again into the darkness of godlessness."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are to go to Paris to conduct revival services there by request of a committee, under the presidency of Mr. R. W. M'All. The Rev. Newman Hall, the eminent London minister, in order to reach a larger number of people, and draw in especially those of a class who do not commonly attend the fashionable churches, has adopted the plan of holding a second service for working people, at half-past eight Sunday evening, after the ordinary congregation has retired. The church is filled in response to this announcement.

The New York *Methodist*, since January 1st, has reported 23,398 conversions. These reports have come from 563 charges. Under Harrison, the boy revivalist, 1,000 conversions have taken place in Cincinnati, and many more in St. Paul, Min.

Three converted gypsies, brothers, are holding revival meetings with great power and success at Swindon, England.

Items.

It is a little remarkable that in earlier years, in our foreign mission work, especially in some fields, there were two men converted for one convert among the women. Now there are four women converted for one convert among the men. A generation will realize the difference.

Among the speakers of the late Annual Conference of the Dakota Indian Congregational Churches, was the chief, named Gray Cloud. He was sentenced to be hanged for his part in the outbreak of 1862, but was pardoned by President Lincoln, and is now one of the most active Christian ministers in that region. These churches have a membership of 800 members, with ten pastors.

Bishop Elliott, of Texas, says:— "A young clergyman once wanted to know if there was any more encouraging work in Western Texas. I wrote him that never since the days of the apostles had there been any difficulty in finding plenty of men to do encouraging work. When you come across such a sweet young person as that, don't say, 'Go west, young man.' Give him a dear, comfortable little parish, a sweet little rectory, and let the ladies work slippers for him. I never will tell a

man I have an easy place for him. If you want an easy place, come and make it."

The Rev. Dr. Green, of Princeton Theological Seminary, laments that the graduating class for the present year does not include a single candidate for the foreign mission field. Is this result due to any failure to give the missionary aspect of Christianity its rightful prominence in the system of instruction?

The Rev. Geo. Brown, the founder of the new Wesleyan Mission to New Britain, New Zealand, and the Duke of York Islands, has been holding successful missionary meetings in various parts of Australasia. His account of the state of the new mission is very encouraging. During the last three months no less than fourteen new churches had been opened, capable of holding from 100 to 300 people each.

The John Hunt schooner recently left Levuka, Fiji, bound for New Britain. Five married Fijian preachers, with their wives and little children and two single men, nobly volunteered for the work. A service was held by Mr. Tison on board the vessel, and a farewell taken of the zealous band of recruits who were willing to be "baptized for the dead." They manifested considerable emotion, but, the men as well as their wives and children, were cheerful and happy in prospect of their arduous and hazardous enterprise, "counting not their lives dear unto themselves, so that they may finish their course with joy."

From South Africa there is pressing demand for additional men. In the Cape of Good Hope District our missionary writes respecting efforts which have been put forth for sailors, natives, and Mohammedans, and writes very encouragingly respecting the Mission School. "We sometimes find it difficult, with other heavy expenses, to raise money for the rest of the school-house, but we have been helped so often in the past that we do not intend to doubt."

Another missionary writes for help to establish a training institution for the development of native agency. Another speaks encouragingly of a Saturday afternoon meeting for children. The harvest is great in South Africa. The opening up of the interior by means of railway communication and otherwise, gives promise of a future which is hopefully anticipated. The people are contributing liberally with a view to be free from dependence on the Parent Society.

The native converts in Western Africa (15,000) have, in the last ten years, contributed $150,000 to the work of missions.

The West Indies suffers greatly from financial depression, but in the midst of much suffering, God is prospering the mission. Revivals are reported, and means are being adopted to improve the Church property. In some districts, education appears to be the question of the hour.

The annual report of the Theological Institution states that during the year there have been 289 students at home colleges, and 71 in addition in training for foreign work in the Missionary College, Richmond, Surrey.

At Havre, France, the Rev. Geo. Whelpton is working with great zeal and success. It should be known that he bears all his own expenses, without charging one penny to the Missionary Committee. In all his work he is well aided by Pastor Herivel. In addition to his own expenses, Mr. Whelpton pays $750 a year towards the maintenance of the mission.

The Devonshire Hill Sunday-school has a member who has been in service over fifty years as a Sunday-school teacher. Another teacher has completed forty-four years of service, another forty, and another over thirty years.

The Wesleyan Sunday-schools of Great Britain had 810,280 scholars on their books in 1881, of which the average attendance was 40.2 per cent. in the morning and 64.7 in the afternoon, whilst 21.2 of all the scholars are over 15 years of age.

A beautiful and finely-executed marble tablet, to the memory of the Rev. W. N. Hall, one of the first missionaries to China of the New

Connexion Church, has been erected in the Mission Church at Tientsin, the entire cost having been subscribed by his friends at North China.

Concerning the Sabbath-school at Tokio, Mr. Bishop, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes to the Mission Rooms : "It is nominally under my charge, though the work is done chiefly by a Japanese. Here from 50 to 150 assemble each Sunday—dirty little urchins, many of them with younger children upon their backs, but they can recite the commandment, creed, Lord's prayer, and catechism, with a vim that might well put the majority of Sunday-schools in America to the blush. Often on the streets we hear some little voices piping, '*Ah, Iyesu di su,*' (Jesus loves me) and we are encouraged to feel that all the seed sown will not be lost."

The National School of Oratory.

We quote from the *Guardian* the following notice of this institution : "The National School of Oratory and Elocution commenced its summer session at Cobourg, on Monday, 3rd inst., with over sixty students in attendance, including several ministers of our own and other Churches. Some students have come from as far as the West Indies, Texas, and California, and there are representatives of nearly every State in the Union, and from Canada. The Victoria College authorities have granted the College lecture-rooms for the use of the classes during the summer. This school is very highly commended by Bishop Simpson and many other eminent ministers of the United States. Dr. Nelles, President of Victoria University, also speaks in the highest terms of the faculty of instruction, which, he says, is composed of really competent and excellent teachers. The members of the faculty, five in number, have expressed themselves as being very much pleased with Cobourg, and gratified with the successful opening of their summer session.

"In all probability this excellent School of Elocution will become a permanent institution in the town of Cobourg during the summer months."

The English Wesleyan papers are rejoicing over a large prospective increase of members this year. Says *The Watchman* :—"This year, there is good reason to hope, the Conference will receive from the various districts in Great Britain reports of increased membership in the Methodist societies, amounting in all to about 12,000. Such a fact is, indeed, a cause for devout gratitude, and we doubt not that it has already sent a thrill of gladness and thankfulness through many hearts. We have not had to report an equally large increase since 1876, when the additions to our societies numbered 14,876."

It goes on to show that, in the past ten years, there were six years of increase and four of decrease in the societies in Great Britain. The total decrease for the four years was 5,941, while the increase for the six years was 39,717, leaving a net increase in the ten years of 33,776, or an average increase of considerably over 3,000 a year.

BOOK NOTICES.

Bits From Blinkbonny; or, Bell O' the Manse: A Tale of Scottish Village Life, between the Years 1841 and 1857.- By JOHN STRATHESK. Cr. 8vo, pp. 346, illustrated. New York: Carter & Brothers; Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, $1.50.

Scottish village life and character furnish a fertile field for story, and for sketching with either pen or pencil. The writer of this tale is skilful with both, but the literary work is superior to the artistic illustrations. It is, indeed, one of the freshest and most vigorous pieces of character study and delineation that we have seen since the appearance of Dr. McLeod's charming, "Starling," and "Old Lieutenant and His Son." The blended humour and pathos of this book remind us of the touch of that vanished hand; indeed, parts of it remind us strongly of Sir Walter himself. It will move alternately to smiles and tears. We envy not the one who can read unmoved the story of the brief life of Baby Helen, or of the flitting from the auld Manse. Bell o' the Manse, the humble heroine, is one of the faithful souls who exhibit all the old feudal and chivalrous devotion that for centuries have marked Scottish character.

A vivid picture is given of the stirring scenes connected with the Disruption of 1843, when nearly four hundred ministers, for conscience' sake left manse and stipend, and went forth like Abraham, not knowing whither they went. As one of the characters says, "This leaving o' the Kirk means loss o' house and ha', and way of livin', or stipend, as its ca'd; an' nae doubt there's a sair heart in mony a minister's breast when he thinks o' his family an' them that depends upon him. An' nae wonder, for in that respect its a step in the dark—an' the eerier that he has his nearest and dearest on his back, an' a wrang step might finish them a'."

In this connection we get glimpses of the great actors in this movement, Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Duff, and, above all, we get an insight into its spirit that we do not get from its formal history. Few books have received such a chorus of praise from the press as has this, and fewer shall have deserved it. We would like to see a copy of it in every one of our Sunday-schools. It would broaden the sympathies of our young people towards a great religious movement.

The Meisterschaft System. A Short and Practical Method of Acquiring complete Fluency of Speech in the French Language. By DR. RICHAED S. ROSENTHAL, in fifteen parts, price 30 cents each. Boston: Estes & Laureat. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Same System applied to the German Language. Fifteen parts. Same Publishers, and same Price.

There is no reason why the learning of French and German should be the difficult task it is generally made. It is the artificial and vicious systems of the text books which has made it so difficult. A cockney tourist is said to have been surprised at the fluency with which the children in France spoke French. He would have been still more surprised at the fluency with which the donkey boys at Alexandria speak half a-dozen languages. Children with French or German nurses soon pick up almost unconsciously those tongues. It is this natural method which Dr. Rosenthal has adopted, with great success, in teaching those languages. He makes both eye, and ear, and memory familiar with the foreign colloquial idioms, by a series of easy graded lessons, so after a comparatively short time these idioms rise spontaneously to the lips whenever thought is

directed to the subject. The lessons are so arranged, and the pronunciation of the words is so clearly indicated that the student can acquire the language readily by private study. Dr. Rosenthal, however, has made the provision that if the student find any difficulty, or wish to ask any questions, he may do so by letter, and have his questions fully answered. The charge for the fifteen pamphlet text books, including this privilege, is $5 for each language. We venture the assertion that any one faithfully pursuing this system, according to the directions given, will acquire such working use of these languages, as he can in no other way. Nor does it require a severe tax on the time. The Doctor insists that not more than ten minutes a day shall be given a new lesson; but he also insists that three or four five-minute reviews shall be given to the lessons each day. We can bear personal testimony that busy people can do this while walking the street, while travelling by rail, while making their toilet, in odds and ends of time that might otherwise be wasted. There is a pleasure apart from its practical use, in the acquisition of a foreign language. It gives one a sort of binocular view of the same thought to see it expressed in two different idioms, and besides being the key to two noble and copious literatures, French and German are almost essential to those who would travel to advantage, and even in certain parts of Canada, to those who stay at home.

The Literary Life. I. Authors and Authorship. Edited by WILLIAM SHEPHERD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 247. Price $1.25.

This is one of the most charming books of literary gossip that we have read for many a day. "All lovers of books" the editor remarks in his preface, "like to know something about the writers of books." He, therefore, devotes a series of chapters to different aspects of the literary life, quoting largely from the confessions of leading *litterateurs*. We have, for instance, chapters on the Chances of Literature, Concerning Rejected MSS., the Rewards of Literature, Literature as a Staff and as a Crutch, Literary Heroes and Hero Worship, Some Successful Books, The Seamy Side of Letters, Literary Society, and the Consolations of Literature.

Some of these revelations are very amusing, and some are very tragical and heart-breaking. Some of the stories of young authors' joys at the first taste of type are quite touching, as that of Dickens turning into Westminster Hall on seeing his first production in all the glory of print "because," he says, "my eyes were so dimmed with joy that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there;" also the story of Goldsmith stealing out at night to hear the ballad-monger sing the songs he had written to earn bread; and that of young Whittier, sending his first poem to the obscure paper of Garrison, his afterward life-long friend and colleague in anti-slavery work. The postman threw the paper to the lad at work in the field, and he was so dazed at the sight of his own verses that he was only brought to his senses by a sharp order to return to work. Garrison called to see and encourage him, but the practical father remonstrated at his putting foolish notions in the boy's head. "But" says the author, "it was too late; the damage was done." For over half a century the Quaker poet has continued to send forth his songs of freedom to thrill the heart of the world, and help on the great cause of human emancipation.

Some of these confessions are in the comic vein, as those of Dr. Holmes, Mark Twain, and the tribe of humourists. Mark Twain says that he lost his good opinion of editors ever since they printed his first contributions — he thought they might fill their pages with something better. But such modesty is the rare exception with young authors, who, on the testimony of this book, are apt to be a conceited and supercilious lot. The "woes that authors feel" from lack of appreciation are quite pathetic. Of poor Thoreau's

first book only two hundred copies were sold, so he ordered the rest home and lugged them upstairs, consoling himself with the thought that he had now a library of over seven hundred books—*all written by himself.* Both Southey and DeQuincey, for a time, claimed the distinction of being the sole readers of Landor's "Gebir," the honour afterwards extended to a dozen or score besides. On the other hand, a few authors to their surprise have found themselves world-famous. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" appeared first in an obscure newspaper, when republished she hoped to get a new dress by it, as she much needed one. Her first cheque for it was $10,000; 300,000 were sold in America, over two million in England, and twenty-one translations into foreign languages. Murray's cheque to Macaulay of £20,000, for his history is certainly one of the curiosities of literature. Literary aspirants may find valuable hints, cautions, and consolations in the varied pages of this very interesting book.

Unknown to History; A Story of the Captivity of Mary of Scotland. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Cr. 8vo, pp. 589. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Wm. Brigg. Price 1.75.

Miss Yonge is one of the most conspicuous examples of successful authorship of recent times. From the profits of a single book, "The Daisy Chain," she gave $10,000 to the erection of a Missionary College at Auckland, New Zealand. She is the author of over thirty novels and tales, ten books of history and other miscellaneous works. This last, we judge, will be found one of the most popular of the series. It is based upon an historic foundation than which is none of more blended pathos and tragedy in the whole range of fact or fiction. The story of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scotts, for three centuries has enlisted the sympathy of almost every heart in Christendom. We fear that Froude has, for many of us, dispelled the romance of her story and the fascination of her characher. But to her own sex and to most readers she will still exercise the spell that turned the heart and head of almost every man she met, save stern old censors like Knox. To such readers this well-wrought historical tale will be doubly welcome, as confirming their love and admiration of the hapless Queen, whom we fear the stern verdict of history will brand as false as she was fair.

The Civilization of the Period of the Renaissance in Italy. By JACOB BURCKHARDT; authorized translation by S. G. C. Middlemore. Two vols. 8vo, pp. 397, 383. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, $7.50

The period of the Renaissance in Italy will always prove one of the most fascinating departments of historical study. Like the century plant, which, after long decades of seeming sterility, burst in a single night into its consummate flower of beauty, so, after the long and barren period of the dark ages, burst into full bloom the wonderful flower, in art and literature, of the Italian Renaissance. There have not been wanting numerous histories of the political, religious, literary, and artistic aspects of this period, from that of Macchiavelli to that of Sismondi; but Dr. Burckhardt's is the first, to our knowledge, which, with true German acumen and philosophical insight, to change the figure, lays bare the springs of this Arethusan fount, and traces its streams through their many devious meanderings.

At the outset he describes the tyrannies which dominated Italy, and the conflict of the Guelphs and Glubellims, and the republics of Venice and Florence. He shows the dangers to liberty of the papacy, and the utter degradation of Rome. It kindles one's indignation to read of the misrule and humiliation of the once proud mistress of the world, and the wanton destruction of her monuments of classic and Christian antiquity. Her marble palaces and temples were used as fortresses for barbaric factions, and as quarries and lime-kilns for the ignoble struc-

tures of the degenerate Romans. Priceless statues were built into rude walls or burned into lime. We have ourself seen a classic sarcophagus used as a horse-trough.

Our author proceeds to trace the revival of Latin literature, the rise of the universities, and "new birth" of art. He describes, also the dawn of science, the growing appreciation of nature, and "the discovery of man," as he calls it, that is, the recognition of his moral and spiritual relations. The feudal system and chivalry never had the influence in Italy, either in their repressing or ennobling aspects, that they had beyond the Alps. The free cities and free commerce promoted an equalization of classes. But the Italian *condottiere* were surely the vilest type of hireling butchers who ever degraded the name of soldier.

Among the elements of progress our author notices the refinement of life and language, of domestic economy and polite society, and the influence of the festivals and pageants of the Church.

One of the most instructive, though painful, sections of the book, is that on the morality and religion of the Renaissance. The period was characterized by an utter worldliness—a semi-paganism, a blending of ancient and modern superstition that sapped the foundations of all morality, caused a general disintegration of belief, and made the city of the popes the vilest spot on earth. "The ideas of sin and of salvation," says our author, "seem almost entirely to have evaporated." The honest heart of Martin Luther was horrified at the wickedness in high places. The cloisters of religion and the courts of the Vatican were honeycombed with vice, and the name of the Borgias has become forever the synonyme for the uttermost corruption of human nature. Brigandage, paid assassination, poisoning, the horrible vendetta, or sacred duty of revenge, and the destruction of social morality, present an awful picture of the state of society. The preaching of Savonarola, the fervour of the Franciscans, the austere poetry of Dante, could only retard, not prevent, the moral degradation of the period—illustrious as it was in art and letters—of the Renaissance.

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason: A Critical Exposition. By GEORGE S. MORRIS, Ph. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, have begun the publication of a series of German Philosophical Classics for English readers and students, under the general editorial supervision of George S. Morris, Ph. D., Lecturer on Philosophy at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Each volume is devoted to the critical exposition of some one masterpiece belonging to the history of German philosophy. The series, will embrace the works of Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. It will thus furnish a history of the most conspicuous and permanently influential movement in the history of German thought, and will render accessible to the English reader a knowledge of German philosophical thought in its leading outlines, and at the same time to furnish the special student with a valuable introduction and guide more comprehensive studies in the same direction.

The first volume of the series is a masterly exposition of Kant's immortal work. Kant was unquestionably, we think, the greatest metaphysician of the 18th century; and we know no way in which the student can better gain an insight into his philsophical system than by the study of these pages.

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. W. BRIGGS, and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto.

OLD MILL AT ZILLIS, ON UPPER RHINE